ALBVMAZAR.

A

Comedy presented before

the Kings Maiestie at Cambridge, the

ninth of March.

1614.

By the Gentlemen of Trinitie Colledge.

LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes* for *Walter Burre*, and are to be sold at his Shop, in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1615.

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Dramatis Personæ.

ALBVMAZAR.	An Astrologer.
RONCA.	Theeues.
HARPAX.	
FVRBO.	
PANDOLFO.	An old Gentleman.
CRICCA.	His seruant.
TRINCALO.	*Pandolfo's* Farmer.
ARMELLINA.	*Antonio's* Maid.
LELIO.	*Antonio's* sonne.
EVGENIO.	*Pandolfo's* sonne.
FLAVIA.	*Antonio's* daughter.
SVLPITIA.	*Pandolfo's* daughter.
BEVILONA.	A Curtezan.
ANTONIO.	An old Gentleman.

The Prologue.

THe brightneſſe of ſo great and faire a preſence,
They ſay, ſtrikes cold amazement. But I feele
Contrarie effects. For from the gracious center
O'th Honorable aſſembly, ſome ſecret power
Inflames my courage: and, me thinkes, I am growne
Taller by th'vertue of this Audience.
And yet thus raiſ'd, I feare there's no retiring.
Ladies, whoſe beauties glad the whole Aſſembly,
Vpon your fauours I impoſe my buſineſſe.
If't be a fault to ſpeake this forraigne language,
(For Latine is our mother tongue) I muſt intreate you
To frame excuſes for vs: for whoſe ſake
Wee now ſpeake Engliſh. All the reſt, we hope,
Come purpoſely to grace our poore endeuours:
As we to pleaſe. In whoſe faire curteſie
We truſt; not in our weake abilitie.

ALBV.

ALBVMAZAR.

Act. I. *Scæn.* I.

Enter ALBVMAZAR, HARPAX, RONCA.

ALBVMAZAR.

COme braue Mercurials ſublim'd in cheating,
My deere companions, fellow-ſouldiers
I'th watchfull exerciſe of Theevery:
Shame not at your ſo large profeſſion,
No more then I at deepe Aſtrologie.
For in the dayes of old, *Good morrow Theife,*
As welcome was receiu'd, as now *Your Worſhip.*
The *Spartans* held it lawfull, and th' *Arabians,*
So grew *Arabia, Fœlix; Sparta* valiant.

RONC. Read on this lecture, wiſe ALBVMAZAR.

ALB. Your patron *Mercury* in his myſterious character,
Holds all the markes of th'other wanderers,
And with his ſubtile influence workes in all,
Filling their ſtories full of robberies.
Moſt Trades and Callings much participate
Of yours; though ſmoothly gilt with th'honeſt title
Of Merchant, Lawyer, or ſuch like: the learned
Onely excepted; and hee's therefore poore.

HARP. And yet he ſteales one author from another.
This Poet is that Poets Plagiary,

And he a third's, till they end all in *Homer*.
ALB. And *Homer* filch't all from an *Egyptian* Priesteſſe.
The world's a Theater of theft. Great rivers
Rob ſmaller brookes; and them the Ocean.
And in this world of ours, this Microcoſme:
Guts from the ſtomack ſteale, and what they ſpare,
The meſeraicks filch, and lay't ith liver:
Where (leaſt it ſhould be found) turn'd to red *Nectar*,
Tis by a thouſand theeviſh veines convey'd
And hid in fleſh, nerues, bones, muſcles and ſinewes,
In tendons, skin and haire, ſo that the property
Thus altered, the theft can never be diſcouered.
Now all theſe pilfries couch't and compoſd in order,
Frame thee and me. Man's a quick maſſe of theevery.
RONC. Moſt Philoſophicall ALBVMAZAR!
HARP. I thought theſe parts had lent and borrowed mutuall.
ALB. Say they doe ſo: 'tis done with full intention
Nere to reſtore, and that's flat robbery.
Therefore go on: follow your vertu's lawes
Your card'nall vertue, *great Neceſſity*,
Wait on her cloſe, with all occaſions.
Be watchfull, haue as many eyes as heauen,
And eares as harveſt: be reſolu'd and impudent,
Beleeue none, truſt none: for in this Citie
(As in a fought field Crowes and Carkaſſes)
No dwellers are but Cheaters and Cheateez.
RONC. If all the houſes in the towne were priſons,
The chambers cages, all the ſettles ſtockes,
The broad gates gallowſes, and the whole people
Iuſtices, Iuries, Conſtables, Keepers and Hangmen,
I'de practiſe ſpite of all, and leaue behind mee
A fruitfull ſeminarie of our profeſſion,
And call them by thy name *Albumazarians*.
HARP. And I no leſſe, were all the Citie theeues
As cunning as thy ſelfe. ALB. Why brauely ſpoken,
Fitting ſuch generous ſpirits: Ile make way
To your great vertue with a deepe reſemblance!

Of high Astrologie. *Harpax* and *Rouca*
Liſt to our profit: I haue new lodg'd a pray
Hard by, that taken is ſo fat and rich
'Twill make vs leaue off trading, and fall to purchaſe.
HARP. Who is't? ſpeak quickly. RON. Where good *Albumazar*?
ALB. 'Tis a rich gentleman, as old as fooliſh.
Th'poore remnant of whoſe brain that age had left him
The doating loue of a yong girle hath dried:
And which concerne's vs moſt, he giues firme credit
To Necromancy and Aſtrologie, *Enter* FVRBO.
Sending to me, as one that promiſe both.
Pandolfo is the man. HAR. What old *Pandolfo*?
ALB. The ſame: but ſtay, yon's *Furbo* whoſe ſmootheſt brow
Shines with good newes, and's viſage promiſes
Triumphs and Trophies to's. FVRBO *playes.*
RON. My life h'as learnt out all, I know't by's muſicke;
Then FVRBO *ſings this ſong.*

Beare vp thy learned brow ALBVMAZAR,
Liue long of all the world admir'd,
For Art profound, and skill retir'd
To cheating by the height of ſtarres.
Hence, Gypſies, houſe, haunt rogues of baſe ſtraine,
That hazard life for little gaine:
Stand off and wonder, gape and gaze afarre
At the rare skill of great ALBVMAZAR.

FVRB. *Albumazar*,
Spread out thy nets at large, here's fowle abundance:
Pandolfo's ours, I vnderſtand his buſineſſe
Which I filch't cloſely from him, while he reveal'd
T'his man, his purpoſes and projects.
ALB. Excellent!
Thankes to this inſtrument: for in pretence
Of teaching yong *Saſpitia*, th'old mans daughter,
I got acceſſe to th'houſe, and while I waited
Till ſhe was ready, ouer-heard *Pandolfo*
Open his ſecrets to his ſeruant: thus 'tis.

Antonio, Pandolfo's friend, and neighbour,
Before he went to *Barbary*, agreed
To giue in marriage. ALB. *Furbo*, this no place
Fit to consider curious points of businesse.
Come let's away, I'le hear't at large aboue.
Ronca stay you below, and entertaine him
With a lowd noise of my deepe skill in Art.
Thou know'st my Rosy modesty cannot do it.
Harpax vp you, and from my bed-chamber,
Where all things for our purposes are ready,
Second each beck, and nod, and word of ours.
You know my meaning. HAR. Yes, yes. FVR. Yes sir.
Furbo goes out singing, Fa la la Pandolfo's ours.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 2.

RONCA. PANDOLFO. CRICCA.

RON. THere's old *Pandolfo*, amorous as youthfull May,
And gray as Ianuary. I'le attend him here.
PAN. *Cricca*, I seeke thy aide, not thy crosse counsell,
I am mad in loue with *Flauia*, and must haue her:
Thou spend'st thy reasons to the contrary,
Like arrowes 'gainst an Anuile: I loue *Flauia*,
And must haue *Flauia*. CRI. Sir you haue no reason,
Shee's a yong girle of sixteene, you of sixty.
PAN. I haue no reason, nor spare roome for any,
Loue's herbinger hath chalk't vpon my heart,
And with a coale writ on my braine, for *Flauia*;
This house is wholy taken vp for *Flauia*.
Let reason get a lodging with her wit:
Vex me no more, I must haue *Flauia*.
CRIC. But sir, her brother *Lelio*, vnder whose charge
Shee's now, after her father's death, sware boldly
Pandolfo neuer shall haue *Flauia*.
PAN. His father, ere hee went to *Barbary*,
Promis'd her me: who be he liue or dead,

Spight of a Last of *Lelio's*, *Pandolfo*
Shall enioy *Flauia*. CRIC. Sir y'are too old.
PAN. I must confesse in yeares about three score,
But in tuffe strength of body, foure and twenty,
Or two monthes lesse. Loue of yong *Flauia*,
More powerfull then *Medea's* drugges, renew's
All decay'd parts of man: my Arteryes
Blowne full with youthfull spirits, moue the bloud
To a new businesse: my withred Neru's grow plumpe
And strong, longing for action. Hencethou poore prop
Of feebleness and age: walke with such sires
As with cold palsies shake away their strength,
And loose their legges with cureless gouts. *Pandolfo*
New moulded is for Reuels, Masks, and Musick. *Cricca*,
String my neglected Lute, and from my Armory
Skowre my best sword, companion of my youth, (water
Without which I seeme naked. CRIC. Your loue, sir, like strong
To a deplor'd sicke man, quick's your feeble limbs
For a poore moment. But after one night's lodging
You'l fall so dull and cold, that *Flauia*
Will shrike and leape from bed as from a Sepulchre.
Shall I speake plainer, sir? Shee'l Cuckold you:
Alas shee'le Cuckold you.
PAN. What mee? a man of knowne discretion,
Of riches, yeares, and this gray grauity?
I'le satisfy'r with gold, rich cloathes and iewels.
CRIC. Wert not farre fitter vrge your son *Eugenio*
To wooe her for himselfe? PAN. *Cricca* bee gone,
Touch no more there: I will and must haue *Flauia*.
Tell *Lelio*, if hee grant m'his sister *Flauia*,
I'le giue my daughter to him in exchange.
Be gone, and finde mee heere within this halfe houre.

ACT. I. SCEN. 3.

RONCA. PANDOLFO.

RON. TIs well that seruant's gone: I shall the easier
Wind vp his master to my purposes.

PAN. Sure this some novice of th'Artillery,
That winke's and shoots: sir, prime your peece anew
The powder's wet: tick. tock. tick. tock.
RON. A good ascendent blesse me: sir are you frantick?
PAN. Why frantick? are not knockes the lawfull courses
T'open doores and eares? RON. Of vulgar men and houses.
PAN: Whose lodging's this? is't not th'Astrologers?
RON. His lodging? no: 'tis the learn'd *Phrontisterion*
Of most divine *Albumazar*. PAN. Good sir,
If the doore breake, a better shall redeeme it.
RON. How! all your land sold at a hundreth yeares purchase
Cannot repaire th'dammage of one poore rap,
To thunder at the *Phrontisterion*
Of great *Albumazar*? PAN. Why man? what harme:
RON. Sir, you must know my master's heauenly braine
Pregnant with mysteries of Metaphisickes,
Growes to an *Embryo* of rare contemplation,
Which at full time brought forth, excel's by farre
The armed fruit of *Vulcan's* Midwifry
That leapt from *Iupiter's* mightie *Cranium*. PAN. What of all this?
RON. Thus, one of your bold thunders may abortive
And cause that birth miscarry, that might haue prou'd
An instrument of wonders greater and rarer
Then *Apollonius* the Magitian wrought. (you?
PAN. Are you your Masters Country-man? RON. Yes: why aske
PAN. Then must I get an Interpreter for your language.
RON. You need not, with a wind instrument my master made,
In fiue dayes you may breath ten languages
As perfect as the Diuell, or himselfe.
PAN. When may I speake with him?
RON. When't please the starres.
He pul's you not a haire, nor pare's a naile,
Nor stirre's a foot without due figuring
The Horoscope: sit downe a while and't please you,
I see the heavens incline to his approach.
PAN. What's this I pray you?
RON. An engine to catch starres,

A maſe t'arreſt ſuch Planets as haue lurk't
Foure thouſand yeares vnder protection
Of *Iupiter* and *Sol*. PAN. Pray you ſpeake Engliſh.
RON. Sir, 'tis a perſpicill, th'beſt vnder heauen:
With this Ile read a leafe of that ſmall *Iliade*
That in a wall-nut ſhell was desk't, as plainly
Twelue long miles off, as you ſee *Paules* from *Highgate*.
PAN. Wonderfull workman of ſo rare an Inſtrument!
RON. 'Twill draw the Moone ſo neere that you would ſweare
The buſh of thornes in't pluck your eyes: the Chryſtall
Of a large Arch multiplies millions,
Worke's more then by poyne blanke: and by refractions
Opticke and ſtrange, ſearcheth like th'eye of truth,
All cloſets that haue windowes. Haue at *Rome*,
I ſee the Pope, his Card'nals and his mule,
The *Engliſh* Colledge and the Ieſuits,
And what they write and doe. PAN. Let me ſee too.
RON. So farre you can not: for this glaſſe is fram'd
For eyes of thirty: you are nigh threeſcore.
But for ſome fifty miles 'twill ſerue you,
With helpe of a refractiue glaſſe that's yonder.
For triall ſir: where are you now? PAN. In *London*.
RON. Ha you found the glaſſe within that chamber? PAN. Yes.
RON. What ſee you?
PAN. Wonders, wonders: I ſee as in a Land-ſhappe
An honorable throng of noble perſons,
As cleare as I were vnder the ſame roofe.
Seemes by their gracious browes, and courteous lookes
Something they ſee, which if t'b'indifferent
They'l fau'rably accept: if otherwiſe
They'l pardon; who, or what they be, I know not.
RON. Why that's the court at *Cambridge* forty miles hence, what (elſe?
PAN. A Hall thruſt full of bare-heads, ſome bald, ſome buſht,
Some brauely branch't. RON. That's th'Vniverſity
Larded with Townes-men. Look you there: what now?
PAN. Who? I ſee *Bower* Peere, a man now landing
Attended by two Porters that ſeeme to grone

Vnder the burthen of two loades of paper.
RON. That's *Coriatus Persicus*, and's obseruations
Of *Asia* and *Affrick*. PAN. The price. RON. I dare not sel't.
But here's another of a stranger vertue:
The great *Albumazar* by wondrous Art,
In imitation of this Perspicill,
Hath fram'd an Instrument that multiplies
Obiects of hearing, as this doth of seeing,
That you may know each whisper from *Prester Iohn*
Against the winde, as fresh as 'twere deliuered
Through a trunke, or *Glosters* listning wall.
PAN. And may I see it fit? blesse me once more.
RON. 'Tis somthing ceremonious; but you shall try't,
Stand thus. What heare you? PAN. Nothing RO. Set your hands (thus
That th'vertex of the Organ may perpendicularly
Point out our Zenith. What heare you now? ha, ha, ha.
PAN. A humming noyse of laughter. RO. Why, that's the Court
And Vniuersitie, that now are merry
With an old gentleman in a Comedy. What now?
PAN. Celestiall musicke, but it seemes farre off.
List, list, tis neerer now. RO. 'Tis musick twixt the Acts. What now?
PAN. Nothing. RON. And now?
PAN. Musicke againe, and strangely delicate.
O most Angelicall! they sing! RON. And now?

Sing sweetly, that our notes may cause
The heauenly Orbes themselues to pause:
And at our musick stand as still
As at Ioue's *amorous will.*
So now release them as before,
Th'haue waited long enough, no more.

PAN. 'Tis gone, giue mee't againe.---- O do not so.
RON. What heare you now? PAN. No more then a dead Oyster.
O let me see this wondrous instrument.
RON. Sir, this is cal'd an *Otaconsticon*. PAN. A *Consticon*?
Why 'tis a paire of Asses eares, and large ones.
RON. True: for in such a forme the great *Albumazar*
Hath fram'd it purposely, as fit'st receiuers

Of

Of ſounds, as ſpectacles like eyes for ſight.
PAN. What gold will buy't? RO. Il'e ſelt you when 'tis finiſh'd
As yet the Epiglottis is vnperfect.
PAN. 'Soone as you can, and here's ten crownes in earneſt.
For when 'tis done, and I haue purchaſ'd it,
I meane t'intail't on my heires male for euer,
Spight of the ruptures of the common law.
RON. Nay rather giu't to *Flauia* for her ioncture:
For ſhee that marries you, deſerues it richly.

ACT. I. SCEN. 4.

CRICCA. PANDOLFO. RONCA.

CRIC. SIr, I haue ſpoke with *Lelio*, and he anſwer's.
PAN. Hang *Lelio*, and his anſwer's. Come hither *Cricca*,
Wonder for me, admire, and be aſtoniſht,
Marvaile thy ſelfe to Marble at theſe engines,
Theſe ſtrange *Gorgonian* inſtruments. CRI. At what?
PAN. At this rare Perſpicill and Otacouſticon.
For with theſe two Il'e heare and ſee all ſecrets,
Vndo intelligencers. Pray let my man ſee
What's done in Rome: his eyes are iuſt as your's are.
RON. *Pandolfo*, are you mad? be wiſe and ſecret:
See you th'ſteepe danger you are tumbling in?
Know you not that theſe inſtruments haue power
T'vnlocke the hidden'ſt cloſets of whole ſtates?
And you reueale ſuch myſteries to a ſeruant?
Sir be adviſ'd, or elſe you learne no more
Of our vnknowne Philoſophy. PAN. Inough.
What newes from *Lelio*? ſhall I haue his ſiſter?
CRI. He ſweares and vowes he neuer will conſent.
She ſhall not play with worne antiquities,
Nor lye with ſnow, and ſtatues; and ſuch replies
That I omit for reverence of your worſhip.
PAN. Not haue his ſiſter? *Cricca* I will haue *Flauia*,
Maugre his head: by meanes of this Aſtrologer

I'le enioy *Flauia*. Are the ſtarres yet inclin'd
To his diuine approach? RO. One minute brings him.
CRI. What Strologer? PAN. The learned man I told thee,
Th high Almanacke of *Germany*, an *Indian*
Farre beyond *Trebeſond* and *Tripoli*,
Cloſe by the worlds end: a rare Coniurer,
And great Aſtrologer. His name, pray ſir?
RON. *Albumazarro Metteroſcopico.*
CRI. A name of force to hang him without tryall.
PAN. As hee excels in Science, ſo in Title.
Hee tels of loſt plate, horſes, and ſtrayd cattell
Directly, as hee had ſtolne them all himſelfe.
CRI. Or hee, or ſome of his confederates.
PAN. As thou reſpects thy life, looke to thy tongue,
Albumazar has an *Otaconſticon*.
Bee ſilent, reuerent, and admire his skill,
See what a promiſing countenance appeares:
Stand ſtill and wonder, wonder and ſtand ſtill.

ACT. I. SCEN. 5

ALBVMAZAR, RONCA, PANDOLFO, CRICCA.

ALB. *Ronca*, the bunch of planets new found out
Hanging at th'end of my beſt Perſpicill,
Send them to *Galileo* at *Padua*;
Let him beſtow them where hee pleaſe. But th'ſtarres
Lately diſcouered 'twixt the hornes of *Aries*,
Are as a preſent for *Pandolfo's* marriage,
And henceforth ſtil'd *Sidera Pandolfea*.
PAN. My marriage *Cricca*! hee foreſee's my marriage:
O moſt Celeſtiall *Albumazar*!
CRI. And ſends y'a preſent from the head of *Aries*.
ALB. My Almanacke made for th'meridian
And herght of *Iapan*, giu't th'Eaſt Indy company:
There may they ſmel the price of Cloues and Pepper,
Munkies and China-diſhes fiue yeares enſuing;

And know th'successe o'th voyage of *Magores*.
For in the volume of the Firmament
Wee children of the starres reade things to come,
As cleerely as poore mortals stories past
In *Speed* or *Hollingshead*. RO. The perpetual motion
With a true larum in't to run twelue houres
'Fore *Mahomets* returne. ALB. Deliuer it safe
T'a *Turkie* Factor, bid him with care present it
From mee to th'house of *Ottoman*. RO. I will sir.
CRI. Pray you stand here, and wonder now for mee,
Be astonish't at his *Gorgon*, for I cannot.
PAN. Vpon my life he proues a meere Impostor.
Peace, not a word, be silent and admire.
ALB. As for the Issue of th'nezt Summers warres,
Reueal't to none, keep't to thy selfe in secret,
As touch-stone of my skill in Propheſie. Be gone. RON. I goe sir.
ALB. Signior *Pandolfo*, I pray you pardon me,
Exoticall dispatches of great consequence
Staid me; and casting the Nativitie
O'th *Cham* of *Tartary*, and a priuate conference
With a Mercuriall intelligence.
Y'are welcome in a good houre, better minute,
Best second, happiest third, fourth, fift, and scruple.
Let the twelue houses of the Horoscope
Be lodg'd with fortitudes, and fortunates,
To make you blest in your designes *Pandolfo*.
PAN. Wer't not much trouble to your starry imployments,
I a poore mortall would intreat your furtherance
In a terrestriall businesse. ALB. My Ephemeris lies,
Or I fore-see your errant: thus 'tis, thus.
You had a neighbour cal'd *Antonio*,
A widdower like your selfe, whose onely daughter
Flauia, you loue, and hee as much admir'd
Your child *Sulpitia*. Is not this right?
PAN. Yes sir: O strange! *Cricca* admire in silence.
ALB. You two decreed a counter-match betwixt you,
And purpos'd to truck daughters. Is't not so?

PAN. Iust as you say't. *Cricca* admire and wonder.
CRI. This no such secret: looke to your selfe, hee'l cheate you.
ALB. *Antonio* after this match concluded,
Hauing great summes of gold in *Barbary*,
Desires of you before he consummate
The rites of matrimony, hee might goe thither,
For three months; but as now 'tis three and three
Since he imbark't, and is not yet return'd.
Now sir your businesse is to me, to know
Whether *Antonio* be dead or liuing.
I'le tell you instantly. PAN. Hast thou reveal'd it?
I told it none but thee. CRI. Not I. PAN. Why stare you?
Are you not well? ALB. I wander 'twixt the Poles
And heau'nly hinges, 'mongst excentricals,
Centers, concentrickes, circles, and epicycles,
To hunt out an aspect fit for your businesse.
CRI. Meane ostentation! for shame awake your selfe.
ALB. And since the lampe of heauen is newly entred
To *Cancer*, old *Antonio* is starke dead,
Drown'd in the sea stone dead: for *radius directorius*
In the sixt house; and th'waning moone by *Capricorn*,
Hee's dead, hee's dead. CRI. 'Tis an ill time to marry.
The Moone growes fork't, and walks with *Capricorne*.
PAN. Peace foole: these words are full of mysteries.
ALB. What ominous face, and dismall countenance
Mark't for disasters, hated of all the heauens,
Is this that followes you? PAN. He is my seruant,
A plaine and honest speaker, but no harme in him.
CRI. What see you in my face?
ALB. Horror and darknesse, death and gallowses,
I de sweare th'wert hang'd, stood'st thou but two foote higher,
But now thy starres threaten a neerer death.
Sir, send to toale his knell. PAN. What is he dead?
ALB. He shall be by the dint of many stabs:
Onely I spy a little hope of scaping
Thorough the clouds, and foule aspects of death,
CRI. Sir, pray giue no credit to this cheater,

Or with his words of Art hee'le make you dote
As much on his fain'd skill, as on faire *Flauia*.

ACT. I. SCEN. 6.

HARPAX. FVRBO. ALBVM. PANDOLFO. CRICCA.

HAR. STay Villaine, ſtay, though ſafety't ſelfe defends thee
Thou dieſt. FVR. Come do thy worſt, thruſt ſure, or die.
CRIC. For heau'n ſake Gentlemen ſtay your hands, help, helpe.
Help *Albumazar*. HARP. Thus to the hinderer
Of my reuenge. CRIC. Saue me *Albumazar*.
FVRB. And thus, and thus, and thus. CRI. Maiſter I die, I dye.
HARP. Flieſt thou baſe coward? 'tis not thy heeles can ſaue thee.

ACT. I. SCEN. 7.

ALBVM. PAND. CRIC.

CRI. O oh! PAN. What ailes thee *Cricca*? CRI. I am dead, I am dead,
Trouble your ſelfe no more. PA. What dead & ſpeakſt?
CRIC. Onely there's left a little breath to tell you.
PAN. Why, where art hurt? CRI. Stab'd with a thouſand daggers,
My heart, my lights, my liuer, and my skin,
Pearſt like a ſiue. PAN. Here's not a wound, ſtand vp,
'Tis but thy feare. CRIC. 'Tis but one wound all ouer.
Softly, ô ſoftly: y'haue loſt the trueſt ſeruant; Farewell I die.
ALB. Liue by my curteſie, ſtand vp and breath.
The dangerous and malignant influence is paſt:
But thank my charity that put by the blowes,
The leaſt of which threatned a dozen graues.
Now learne to ſcoffe diuine Aſtrologie,
And ſlight her ſeruants. CRI. A Chirurgion, good ſir, a Surgeon.
ALB. Stand vp man, th'haſt no harme, my life for thine.
PAN. Th'art well, th'art well. CRI. Now I perceiue I am:
I pray you pardon me Diuine Aſtrologer.

ALB. I do, but hence-forth laugh at Astrologie
And call her seruants Cheaters.
PAN. Now to our businesse: on good *Albumazar.*
ALB. Now since the Moone passeth from *Capricorne,*
Through *Aquarius* to the watry Signe of *Pisces,*
Antonio's drown'd, and is deuour'd by fishes.
PAN. Is't certaine? ALB. Certaine. PAN. Then let my earnestnes
Intreate your skill a fauour. ALB. It shall, but first
I'le tell you what you meane to aske me. PA. Strange!
ALB. *Antonio* dead that promis'd you his daughter,
Your businesse is t'entreate mee raise his ghost,
And force it stay at home til't haue perform'd
The promise past, and so returne to rest.
PAN. That, that, y'haue hit it most diuine *Albumazar.*
ALB. 'Tis a hard thing; for *de priuatione ad habitū non datur regressus.*
O what a businesse! what a maister peece
'Tis to raise vp his Ghost, whose bodie's eaten
By fish. This work desires a Planetary intelligence
Of *Iupiter* and *Sol,* and these great Spirits,
Are proud, phantasticall: It ask's much charges,
T'entice them from the guiding of their Spheares (no cost.
To waite on mortals. PAN. So I may haue my purpose, spare for
ALB. Sir, spare your purse, wee'l do't an easier way.
The worke shall cost you nothing.
We haue an Art is cal'd *Prestigiatory,*
That deales with spirits, and intelligences
Of meaner office and condition,
Whose seruice craue's small charges: with one of these
I'le change some seruant, or good friend of yours
To th'perfect shape of this *Antonio:*
So like in face, behauiour, speech, and action,
That all the Towne shall sweare *Antonio* liues.
PAN. Most Necromanticall Astrologer,
Do this, and take mee for your seruant euer.
And for your paines, after the transformation
This chaine is your's, it cost two hundred pound
Beside the iewell. AL. After the work is finish't, then—how now?

What

What lines are theſe that looke ſanguineous?
As if the Starres coniur'd to do you miſchiefe?
PAN. How? meane you mee? ALB. They'r dusky marks of *Saturne*.
It ſeemes ſome ſtone ſhall fall vpon your head,
Threatning a fracture of the *Pericranium*.
PAN. *Cricca* come hither, fetch me my ſtaffe againe,
Three-ſcore and ten's return'd: A generall Palſie
Shakes out the loue of *Flauia* with a feare.
Is there no remedy? ALB. Nothing but patience.
The Planet threatens ſo, whoſe prey you are.
The Starres and Planets daily warre together.
For ſhould they ſtand at truce but one halfe houre
This wondrous Machin of the world would ruin.
Who can withſtand their powrefull influence?
PAN. You with your wiſedome, good *Albumazar*.
ALB. Indeed th'*Ægyptian Ptolomee* the wiſe,
Pronounſt it as an Oracle of truth; *Sapiens dominabitur aſtris*.
Who's aboue there? *Ronca* bring downe the cap
Made in the point of *Mercury* being aſcendent:
Here put it on, and in your hand this Image,
Fram'd on a Tueſday when the fierce God of warre
Mounted th'horizon in the ſigne of *Aries*.
With theſe walke as vnwounded as *Achilles*,
Dip't by his mother *Thetis*. PAN. You bind mee to your ſeruice.
ALB. Next get the man you purpoſe to tranſforme
And meete mee heere. PAN. I will not faile to finde you.
ALB. Meane while with *Sciaſtericall* inſtrument,
By way of *Azimuth* and *Almicantarath*
I'le ſeeke ſome happy point in heauen for you.
PAN. I reſt your ſeruant, ſir. ALB. Let all the Starres
Guide you with moſt propitious influence.

ACT. 1. SCEN. 8.

PANDOLFO. CRICCA.

PAN. HEere's a ſtrange man indeed, of skill profound:
How right he knew my buſineſſe, 'fore hee ſaw mee,

And how thou skoft's him when we talk't in priuate.
'Tis a braue instrument his *Otacoustycon.*
CRIC. In earnest sir I tooke him for a Cheater;
As many, vnder name of cunning men
With promise of Astrology, much abuse
The gaping vulgar, wronging that sacred skill,
That in the Starres reades all our actions.
PAN. Is there no arches o're our heads, looke *Cricca.*
CRI. None but the Arch of heauen, that cannot fall.
PAN. Is not that made of Marble? I haue read
A stone drop't from the Moone: And much I feare
The fit should take her now, and void an other.
CRI. Feare nothing sir, this charm'd *Mercuriall* cap
Shields from the fall of Mountaines: 'tis not a stone
Can check his Art, walke boldly. PAN. I do, let's in.

Finis Act. 1.

Act. 2. *Scæn.* 1.

TRINCALO. ARMELLINA.

TRINCALA.

HEE that saith I am not in loue, hee lies *Decup àps*; For I am idle, choicely neate in my cloathes, valiant, and extreme witty: My meditations are loded with metaphots, and my songs sonners: Not a one shakes his taile, but I sigh out a passion: thus do I to my Mistresse; but alas I kisse the dogge, and shee kicks mee. I neuer see a yong wanton Filly, but, say I, there goe's *Armellina*; nor a lusty strong Asse, but I remember my selfe, and sit downe to consider what a goodly race of Mules would inherit, if she were willing: onely I want vtterance, and that's a maine marke of loue too. ARM. *Trincalo. Trincalo.*
TRINC. O 'tis *Armellina* now if she haue the wit to beginne, as I meane shee should, then will I confound her with complements

drawne

drawne from the Plaies I see at the Fortune, and Red Bull, where I learne all the words I speake and vnderstand not.

ARM. *Trincalo*, what price beare's wheate, and Saffron, that your band's so stiffe and yellow? not a word? why *Trincalo!* what businesse in Towne? how do's all at Tornam? growne mute? What do you bring from the Country?

TRIN. There 'tis. Now are my floud-gates drawne, and I'le surround her. What haue I brought sweete bit of beauty? a hundreth thousand salutations o'th' elder house to your most illustrious Honour and Worship.

ARM. To me these Titles? is your basket full of nothing else?

TRIN. Full of the fruites of loue, most resplendent Lady; a present to your worthines from your worship's poore vassaile *Trincalo*.

ARM. My life on't, hee scrap't these complements from his Cart, the last Load hee carried for the Progresse. What ha you read that make you grow so eloquent?

TRI. Sweete Madame, I read nothing but the lines of your Ladiships countenance, and desire onely to kisse the skirts of your garment, if you vouchsafe mee not the happinesse of your white hands.

ARM. Come, giue's your basket and take it.

TRI. O sweete! now will I neuer wash my mouth after, nor breath but at my nosthrils, least I loose the tast of her fingers. *Armellina*, I must tell you a secret if you'le make much on't.

ARM. As it deseru's: what is't?

TRIN. I loue you, deere morsell of modesty, I loue! and so truely, that I'le make you Mistres of my thoughts, Lady of my reuenewes, and commit all my moueables into your hands, that is, I giue you an earnest kisse in the high way of Matrimony.

ARM. Is this the end of all this businesse?

TRIN. This is the end of all businesse, most beautifull, and most worthy to be most beautifull Lady.

ARM. Hence foole, hence.

TRIN. Why now she knowes my meaning, let it worke: Shee put vp the fruite in her lappe, and threw away the basket: 'Tis a plaine signe, shee abhorr's the words, and embraces the meaning: O lippes, no lippes, but leaues besmear'd with mel-dew!

drops, but drops of Hony-combs! ô combs no combs, but fountaines full of teares! ô teares no teares, but ---

ACT. 2. SCEN. 2.

PANDOLFO. TRINCALO.

PAN. *Ricca* denie's mee; no perswasions,
Proffers, rewards, can worke him to transforme.
Yonder's my Country Farmer *Trincalo*.
Neuer in fitter time good *Trincalo*.
TRI. Like a leane horse t'a fresh and lusty Pasture.
PAN. What rent do'st pay me for thy Farme at *Totnam*?
TRI. Ten pound; and find't too deere a peny-worth.
PAN. My hand here: take it rent-free for three liues,
To serue me in a businesse I'le employ thee.
TRI. Serue you? I'le serue, reserue, conserue, preserue,
Deserue you for th'one halfe: ô *Armellina*,
A Ioincture, hai a Ioincture! what's your employment?
PAN. Here's an Astrologer has a wondrous secret
To transforme men to other shapes, and persons.
TRIN. How? transforme things to men? I'le bring nine Taylors
Refus'd last Muster, shall giue fiue Markes a peece
To shape three men of seruice out of all,
And grant him th'remnant shreds aboue the bargaine.
PAN. Now if thou'lt let him change thee, take this Lease,
Drawne ready; put what liues thou pleas'st. TRI. Stay, Sir.
Say I am transform'd; who shall enioy the Lease?
For the person I must turne to. PAN. Thou,
Thou. The resemblance last's but one whole day:
Then home true Farmer, as thou wer't before.
TRIN. Where shall poore *Trincalo* be? how's this? transform'd?
Transmuted? how? not I; I loue my selfe
Better then so: there's your Lease. I'de not venter
For th'whole Fee-simple. PAN. Tell me the difference
Betwixt a foole and wise man. TRI. Faith as much

As

As twixt your Worſhip and my ſelfe. PAN. A wiſe man
Accept's all faire occaſions of aduancement,
Flye's no commodity for feares of danger,
Venter's and gaines, liues eaſily, drinkes good wine,
Fare's neatly, 's richly cloath'd, in worthieſt company;
While your poore foole and Clowne, for feare of peril,
Sweat's hourely for a dry browne cruſt to bed-ward,
And wake's all night for want of moyſture. TRI. Well, ſir,
I'de rather ſtarue in this my loued Image,
Then hazard thus my life, for others lookes.
Change is a kind of death, I dare not try it.
PAN. 'Tis not ſo dangerous as thou tak'ſt it; wee'l only
Alter thy count'nance for a day. Imagine
Thy face mask't onely: or that thou dream'ſt all night
Thou wer't apparell'd in *Antonio's* forme,
And waking find'ſt thy ſelfe true *Trincalo*.
TRI. T'*Antonio's* forme? was not *Antonio* a Gentleman?
PAN. Yes, and my neighbour, that's his houſe. TRIN. O ho!
Now do I ſmell th'Aſtrologer's tricke: hee'l ſteepe mee
In ſouldiers bloud; or boyle me in a Chaldron
Of Barbarous Law French: Or annoint me ouer
With ſupple oyle of great men's ſeruices.
For theſe three meanes raiſe Yeomen to the Gentry.
Pardon me ſir: I hate theſe medcines. Fy!
All my poſterity will ſmell and taſt on't
'Long as the houſe of *Trincalo* endures.
PAN. Ther's no ſuch buſines, thou ſhall't only ſeeme ſo
And thus deceiue *Antonio's* family.
TRI. Are you aſſur'd? 'twould grieue me to be bray'd
In a huge Mortar, wrought to paſte, and moulded A·
To this *Antonio's* mould: Grant I be turn'd: what then?
PAN. Enter his houſe, be reuerenc'd by his ſeruants,
And giue his daughter *Flauia* to me in marriage.
The circumſtances I'le inſtruct thee after.
TR. Pray giue me leaue: this ſide ſaies do't, this do not.
Before I leaue you *Tom Trincalo* take my counſell.
Thy Miſtreſſe *Armellina* is *Antonios* Mayde,

And thou in his shape maist possesse her. Turne.
But if I be *Antonio*, then *Antonio*
Enioyes that happinesse, not *Trincalo*.
A pretty trick to make my selfe a Cuckold.
No, no; there, take your Lease. I'le hang first. Soft,
Be not so cholerick *Thomas*: If I become *Antonio*,
Then all his riches follow. This faire occasion
Once vanish't, hope not the like; of a starke Clowne
I shall appeare speck and span Gentleman.
A pox of Ploughes, and Carts, and Whips, and Horses.
Then *Armellina* shall be giuen to *Trincalo*,
Three hundred Crownes her portion: wee'l get a boy
And call him *Transformation Trincalo*.
I'le doo't sir. PA. Art resolu'd? TRIN. Resolu'd? 'tis done:
With this condition: after I haue giv'n your Worship
My daughter *Flauia*, you shall then moue my Worship
And much entreate me, to bestow my Maide
Vpon my selfe, I should say *Trincalo*.
PAN. Content, and for thy sake will make her portion
Two hundred Crownes. TRIN. Now are you much deceiu'd:
I neuer meant it. PAN. Howe? TR. I did but iest.
And yet my hand, I'le do't. For I am mutable
And therefore apt to change. Come, come sir, quickly,
Let's to th'Astrologer, and there transforme,
Reforme, conforme, deforme me at your pleasure.
I loath this Country countnance; dispatch: my skin
Itch'es like Snakes in Aprill, to be strip't off.
Quickly, ô quickly, as you loue *Flauia*, quickly.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 3.

ALBVMAZAR. PAND. RONCA. TRINC.

ALB. SIgnior *Pandolfo*, y'arriue in happiest houre.
If the seuen Planets were your neerest kindred,
And all the Constellations your Allies:
Were the twelue houses, and the Innes o'th' Zodiack

Your owne fee-ſimple; they could nere haue choſen
A fitter place to fauour your deſignes.
For the great Luminaries looke from Hilech,
And midſt of heauen in angles, coniunctions,
And fortunate aſpects of Trine and Sextile,
Ready to powre propitious influences.
PAN. Thanks to your power and curt'ſie that ſo plac'd them.
This is the man that's ready for the buſineſſe.
ALB. Of a moſt happy count'nance, and timber fit
To ſquare to th'gentry: his lookes as apt for changing,
As he were cou'red with Camælions skins.
TRI. Except my hands; and 'twill be troubleſome
To fit theſe fingers to *Antonio's* gloues.
PAN. Pray let's about the worke as ſoone as may be.
ALB. Firſt chooſe a large low roome, whoſe doore's full Eaſt,
Or neere inclining: for th'Orientall quarter's
Moſt bountifull of fauours. PAN. I haue a parler
Of a great ſquare and height, as you deſire it.
ALB. Southward muſt looke a wide and ſpatious window:
For howſoeuer *Omar*, *Alkabitius*,
Hali, *Abenezra*, ſeeme ſomething to diſſent;
Yet *Zoroaſtres*, ſonne of *Oromaſus*,
Hiarcha, *Brathman*, *Theſpion Gymneſophiſt*,
Gebir, and *Budda Babylonicus*,
With all the ſubtile *Cabaliſts* and *Chaldees*,
Sweare the beſt influence: for our metamorphoſis
Stoopes from the South, or as ſome ſay, South-eaſt.
PAN. This roome's as fit as you had made't of purpoſe.
TRI. Now doe I feele the calfe of my right legge
Tingle, and dwindle to th'ſmalneſſe of a bed-ſtaffe.
Such a ſpeech more turns my high ſhooes ſtrait boots.
RON. Nere were thoſe Authors cited to better purpoſe.
For through that window all *Pandolfo's* treaſures
Muſt take their flight and fall vpon my ſhoulders.
ALB. Now if this light meridionall had a large caſement
That ouer-look't ſome vnfrequented alley,
'Twere much more proper: for th'Intelligences

Are nice and coy, ſcorning to mixe their eſſence
With throng'd diſturbance of groſſe multitudes.
RON. Spoken by Art. *Albumazar*: a prouident ſetter:
For ſo ſhall we receiue what thou hand'ſt out
Free from diſcouery. But in my conſcience
All windowes poynt full South for ſuch a buſineſſe.
PAN. Go to my houſe, ſatisfie your curious choyce,
But credit me, this parler's fit, it neighbours
To a blinde Alley, that in buſieſt tearme-time
Feeles not the footing of one paſſenger.
ALB. Now then declining from *Theourgia*,
Arteneſoria, *Pharmacia*, reiecting
Necro-puro-geo-hydro-cheiro-coſcinomancy,
With other vaine and ſuperſtitious ſciences,
Wee'l ancor at the Art Preſtigiatorie,
That repreſents one figure for another,
With ſmooth deceit abuſing the eyes of mortals.
TRI. O my righe arme! 'tis alter'd, and me thinkes
Longs for a ſword: theſe words haue ſlaine a Plow-man.
ALB. And ſince the Moone's the onely Planet changing:
For from the *Neomenia* in ſeuen dayes
To the *Dicotima*, in ſeuen more to th' *Panſelinum*,
And in as much from *Plenilunium*
Thorow *Dicotima* to *Neomenia*,
'Tis ſhe muſt helpe vs in this operation.
TRI. What townes are theſe? the ſtrangeneſſe of theſe names,
Hath ſcal'd the marks of many a painfull harueſt,
And made my new-pil'd fingers itch for dice.
PAN. Deeply conſidred wondrous *Albumazar*:
O let me kiſſe thoſe lips that flow with ſcience.
ALB. For by her various lookes ſhe intimates
To vnderſtanding ſoules, that onely ſhe
Hath power t'effect a true formation.
Cauſe then your parler to be ſwept carefully,
Waſh't, rub'd, perfum'd, hang'd round from toppe to bottome
With pure white lunary Tapſtry, or needle-worke;
But if 'twere cloath of ſiluer, 'twere much better.

RON.

RON. Good, good! a rich beginning: good! what's next?
ALB. Spread all the floore with fineſt Holland ſheets,
And ouer them faire damaske Table-cloathes,
Aboue all theſe draw me chaſt virgins aprons:
The roome, the worke, and workman muſt be pure.
TRIN. With virgins aprons? th'whole compaſſe of this Citie
Can not affoord a dozen. RON. So, there's ſhirts
And bands to furniſh all on's for a twelue-month.
ALB. An Altar in the midſt, loaded with plate
Of ſiluer, Baſens, Yewres, Cups, Candleſtickes,
Flaggons and Beakers, Salts, Chargers, Caſting-bottles.
'Twere not amiſſe to mixe ſome Bowles of gold,
So they be maſſie; the better to reſemble
The louely brother-hood of *Sol* and *Luna*.
Alſo ſome Diamonds for *Iupiter*.
For by the whiteneſſe and bright ſparkling luſtres
We allure th' Intelligences to deſcend.
RON. *Furbo* and I are thoſe Intelligences
That muſt attend vpon the Magiſtery.
ALB. Now for the ceremonious ſacrifice,
Prouide ſuch creatures as the Moone delights in,
Two ſucking lambes, white as the Alpine ſnow:
Yet if they haue a mole or two, 'twill paſſe.
The Moone her ſelfe wants not her ſpots. PAN. 'Tis true.
RON. Were they hell-black, wee'd make a ſhift to eate them.
ALB. White Capons, Pheaſants, Pigions: one little Blacke-bird
Would ſtaine and ſpoyle the worke. Get ſeuerall Wines
To quench the holy embers: Rheniſh, Greeke wine,
White Muskadell, Sheery, and rich Canarie,
So't be not growne too yellow: for the quicker,
Briſker, and older, the better for theſe ceremonies.
The more abundance, ſooner ſhall wee finiſh.
For 'tis our rule in ſuch like buſineſſes,
Who ſpares moſt, ſpends moſt: either this day muſt doo't,
Or th'reuolution of fiue hundred yeares
Cannot: ſo fit are all the heauens to helpe vs.
RON. A thouſand thankes, thou'lt make a compleate cheate.

Thus.

Thus loaded with this treasure, cheer'd with wine,
Strengthned with meate: wee'l carry thee in triumph,
As the great Generall of our atchieuement.
PAN. Sir, for rich plate and iewels I haue store,
But know not how to furnish you with hangings.
ALB. Cannot you borrow from the shops? foure houres
Shall render all as faire as you receiu'd it.
PAN. That can I easily doe. ALB. And heare you sir:
If you chance meet with boxes of white Comfites,
Marchpane, dry sucket, Macarouns and diet-bread,
'Twill helpe on well. RON. To furnish out our banquet.
ALB. I had cleane forgot, we must haue Amber Greece,
The grayest can be found, some dozen ounces,
I'le vse but halfe a dram: but 'tis our fashion
T'offer a little from a greater lumpe.
PAN. All shall be done with expedition.
ALB. And, when your man's transform'd, the chaine you promis'd.
PAN. My hand: my deedes shall wait vpon my promise.
ALB. Lead then with happy foote to view the chamber.
PAN. I goe sir. *Trincalo* attend vs here,
And not a word on perill of thy life.
TRIN. Sir, if they kill me Il'e not stirre a foot,
And if my tongue's puld out, not speake a word.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 4.

TRINCALO. CRICCA.

TRIN. O what a businesse 'tis to be transform'd!
My master talkes of foure and twenty houres,
But if I mue these Flagges of Yeomanry,
Guild in the seare, and shine in bloome of gentry,
'Tis not their Strology, nor Sacrifice,
Shall force mee cast that coat. I'le neuer part with't
Till I be Shriefe of th'Countie, and in commission
Of Peace and *Quorum*. Then will I get m'a Clarke,
A practiz'd fellow, wiser then my Worship.

And

And dominere amongst my fearefull neighbours,
And feast them bountifully with their owne bribes. Cr. *Trincalo!*
Tri. Weare a gold chaine at euery quarter Sessions,
Looke big, and graue, and speak not one wise word. Cr. *Trincalo!*
Tri. Examine wenches go with child, and curiously
Search all the circumstances: haue blank *Millimusses*
Printed in readinesse; breathe nought but Sirra,
Rogue, ha? how? hum Constable looke to your charge.
Then vouch a Statute and a Latine Sentence,
Wide from the matter. Cr. *Trincalo.* Tr. License all Alehouses,
Match my sonne *Transformation* t'a knights daughter,
And buy a bouncing Pedigree of a welsh Herald: and then—
Cri. What in such serious meditations?
Tri. Faith no; but building Castles in the aire.
While th'weather's fit: O *Criseo*, such a businesse!
Cri. What is't? Tri. Nay soft, th'are secrets of my master.
Lock't in my breast: he has the key at's purse-strings.
Cri. My masters secret? keep it good Farmer, keep it,
I would not lend an eare to't if thou'dst hire me. Fare-well.
Tri. O how it boyles and swels: if I keep't longer,
'Twill grow t'impostume in my breast, and choake me. *Crisca:*
Cri. Adieu good *Trincalo*, the secrets of our betters
Are dangerous, I dare not know't. Tri. But hear'st thou,
Say I should tell, canst keep't as close as I doe?
Cri. Yes: but I had rather want it. Adieu. Tri. *Albumazar.*
Cr. Farewell. Tr. *Albumazar.* Cr. Pre'thee. Tr. *Albumazar*
Th'Astrologer hath vndertooke to change me
T'*Antonio's* shape: this done, must I giue *Flauia*
To my old master, and his maid to *Trincalo.*
Cr. But where's *Pandolfo* and *Albumazar*?
Tr. Gone newly home to choose a chamber fitting
For transmutation: So now my heart's at ease.
Cr. I feare the skill and cunning of *Albumazar*
With his blacke Art, by whom *Pandolfo* seekes
To compasse *Flauia*, spight of her brother *Lelio*,
And his own sonne *Eugenio* that loues her deerely.
I'le loose no time, but find them and reveale

The plot and worke to croſſe this accident.
But *Trinculo*, art thou ſo raſh and ventrous
To be transform'd with hazard of thy life?
TRI. What care I for a life, that haue a leaſe
For three? But I am certaine there's no danger in't.
CRI. No danger? cut thy finger and that paines thee;
Then what wil't do to ſhred and mince thy carkaſſe,
Bury't in horſe-dung, mould it new, and turne it
T'*Antonio*? and when th'art chang'd, if *Lelia*
Smell out your plot, what worlds of puniſhment
Thou muſt endure, poore *Trinculo*! The deſire
Of gaines abuſes thee: be not transform'd.
TRI. *Cricca* thou vnderſtandſt not: for *Antonio*
Whom I reſemble, ſuffers all: not I.
CRI. Yonder they come, I'le hence and haſt to *Lelia*.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 5.

ALBVMAZAR. PANDOLFO. CRICCA.

ALB. THe chamber's fit: prouide the plate and hangings,
And other neceſſaries: giue ſtrict order
The roome be cleanſ'd, perfum'd, and hang'd, meane while,
With Aſtralobe, and Meteoroſcope,
Il'e finde the *Cuſpe* and *Aſfridaria*,
And know what Planet is in *Cazimi*.
PAN. All ſhall be ready ſir, as you command it.
TRI. Doctor *Albumazar*, I haue a veine of drinking,
And artery of lechery, runs through my body:
Pray when you turne me gentleman, preſerue
Thoſe two, if't may be done with reputation.
ALB. Feare not, I'le only call the firſt, good fellowſhip,
And th'other, ciuill recreation.
TR. And when you come to th'hart, ſpoyle not the loue of *Armelina*.
And in my braine leaue as much diſcretion
As may ſpye falſhood in a Tauerne reckoning;
And let me alone for *bounty* to *winke* and pay't.

And

And if you change me perfectly,
I'le bring y'a dozen knights for customers.
ALB. I warrant thee: fit are you well instructed
In all these necessaries? PAN. Th'are in my table-booke.
ALB. Forget not cloathes for th'new transform'd, and roabes
For me to sacrifice: you know the fashion.
I'le rather change fiue, then apparrell one:
For men haue liuing soules, cloathes are vnanimate.
PAN. Here take this ring, deliuer it to my brother,
An officer in the Wardrobe, hee'l furnish you
With robes and cloathes of any stuffe, or fashion.
ALB. *Almuten Alchochoden* of the starres attend you.
PAN. I kisse your hands diuine Astrologer.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 6.

PANDOLFO. TRINCALO.

PAN VP quickly *Trincalo* to my child *Sulpitia*,
Bid her lay out my fairest Damaske Table-cloathes.
The fairest Holland sheetes, all th'siluer plate,
Two gossips cups of gold: my greatest Diamonds:
Make hast. TR. As fast as *Alchochoden* and *Almuten*
Can carry me: for sure these two are Diuels.
PAN. This is that blessed day I so much long'd for:
Foure houres attendance till my man be chang'd,
Fast lockes me in the louely armes of *Flauia*. Away *Trincalo*.
How slow the day slides on! When we desire
Times hast, it seemes to loose a match with Lobsters,
And when we wish him stay, he imp's his wings
With feathers plum'd with thought. Why *Trincalo!*
TR. Here sir. PAN. Come let's away for cloath of siluer,
Wine and materials for the Sacrifice.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

LELIO. EVGENIO. CRICCA.

LE. *Eugenio*, these are wonders past beliefe.

Is your old father of ſo poore a iudgement
To thinke it in the power of man to turne
One perſon to another? Ev. *Lelio*, his deſire
T'inioy your ſiſter *Flauia*, begets hope,
Which like a waking dreame, makes falſe apparence
Liuely as truth it ſelfe. Le. But who's the man
That workes theſe miracles? Ev g. An Aſtrologer.
Le. How deales Aſtrologie with tranſmutation?
Cri. Vnder the vaile and colour of Aſtrologie,
He clouds his helliſh skill in Nectromancie.
Beleeue it, by ſome Art, or falſe impoſture,
Hee'l much diſturbe your loue, and yours, *Eugenio*.
Le. *Eugenio*, 'tis high time for vs t'awake.
And as you loue our *Flauia*, and I
Your ſiſter faire *Sulpitia*, let's doe ſomething
Worthy their beauties. Who falles into a ſea,
Swolne bigge with tempeſt, but he boldly beates
The waues with armes and legges, to ſaue his life?
So let vs ſtriue 'gainſt troubleſus ſtormes of loue,
With our beſt power, leaſt after we aſcribe
The loſſe to our dull negligence, not Fortune.
Ev. *Lelio*, had I no intereſt in your ſiſter,
The holy league of friendſhip ſhould command me,
Beſides the ſeconding *Sulpitia's* loue,
Who to your nobleneſſe commends her life.
Le. She cannot out-loue me, nor you out-friend me,
For th'ſacred name whereof, I haue reiected
Your fathers offers, importunities,
Letters, Conditions, Seruants, Friends, and laſtly
His tender of *Sulpitia* in exchange
For *Flauia*. But though I loue your ſiſter
Like mine owne ſoule; yet did the lawes of friendſhip
Maſter that ſtrong affection; and denied him.
Ev g. Thankes euer, and as long ſhall my beſt ſeruice
Waite on your will. *Cricca* our hope's in thee,
Thou muſt inſtruct vs. Cri. You muſt truſt in Fortune
That make's or marr's the wiſeſt purpoſes.

LEL. What saist? What thinkst? CRI. Here's no great need of
Not speech; the oile of scorpions cure's their poison. (thinking
The thing it selfe that's bent to hurt and hinder you
Offer's a remedie: 'tis no sooner knowne
But th'worst on't is preuented. EVG. How good *Cricca*?
CRI. Soone as you see this false *Antonio*
Come neere your dores with speeches made of purpose,
Full of humility and compassion:
With long narrations how he scap't from ship-wrack
And other fain'd inuentions of his dangers:
Bid him be gone; and if he presse to enter,
Feare not the reuerence of your father's lookes,
Cudgell him thence. LEL. But wer't not better *Cricca*
Keepe him fast lock't, till his owne shape returne,
And so by open course of Law correct him?
CRIC. No. For my maister would conceiue that counsell
Sprung from my braines: and so should I repent it.
Aduise no more, but home and charge your people,
That if *Antonio* come, they driue him thence
With threatning words, and blowes if need be. LEL. Tis done.
I kisse your hands *Eugenio*. EVG. Your seruant, sir.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 8.

EVGENIO. CRICCA. FLAVIA.

EVG. *Ricca* commend my seruice to my Mistresse.
CRI. Commend it t'her your selfe. Mark't you not,
We talk't, how through the window she attended, (while
And fed her eyes on you? there shee's. EVG. Tis true.
And as from nights of Stormes the glorious Sunne
Breake's from the East, and chaseth thence the Clouds
That choak't the Aire with horror; so her beauty
Dispels sad darknesse from my troubled thoughts,
And cleare's my heart. FLA. Life of my soule well met.
EVG. How is't my deerest *Flauia*? FLA. *Eugenio*,
As best becomes a woman, most vnfortunate.

That hauing lou'd so long, and beene perswaded
Her chaste affection was by your's requited,
Haue by delayes beene famish'd. Had I conceal'd
Those flames your vertue kindled, then y'had sued,
Intreated, sworne, and vow'd, and long e're this
Wrought all meanes possible to effect our marriage.
But now. EVG. Sweet soule despaire not, weep not thus,
Vnlesse you wish my heart should life-bloud drop,
Fast as your eyes do teares. What is't you feare?
FLA. First that you loue me not. EVG. Not loue my *Flauia*?
Wrong not your iudgement: rip vp this amorous brest
And in that Temple see a heart that burne's
I'th' vestall sacrifice of chastest loue,
Before your beauties Deity. FLA. If so,
Whence growes this coldnesse in soliciting
My brother to the match? EVG. Consider sweetest,
I haue a father riuall in my loue;
And though no duty, reuerence, nor respect
Haue power to change my thoughts: yet 'tis not comly
With open violence to withstand his will;
But by faire courses try to diuert his minde
From disproportioned affections.
And if I cannot, then nor feare of anger,
Nor life, nor lands, shall crosse our purposes.
Comfort your selfe sweet *Flauia*: for your brother
Second's our hopes with his best seruices.
FLA. But other feares oppresse mee: mee thinkes I see
Antonio my old father, new return'd,
Whom all intelligence gaue drown'd this three monthes,
Enforcing mee to marry th'foole *Pandolfo*,
Thus to obtaine *Sulpitia* for himselfe.
And so last night I dream'd, and euer since
Haue bene so scar'd, that if you hast not (we most desire,
Expect my death. EVG Dreames flow from thoughts of things
Or feare, and seldome proue true Prophets, would they did.
Then were I now in full possession
Of my best *Flauia*: as I hope I shall be.

CRIC.

CRIC. Sir, pray take your leaue; this to no end,
'Twill but encreaſe your griefe and hers. EVG. Farewell
Sweete *Flauia*, reſt contented with aſſurance
Of my beſt loue and ſeruice. FLA. Farewell *Eugenio*.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 9.

SVLPITIA. FLAVIA.

SVL. FLauia I kiſſe your hands.
FLA. *Sulpitia* I pray you pardon mee, I ſaw you not.
SV. Iſaith you haue ſome fix't thoughts draw your eyes inward when you ſee not your friends before you.
FLA. True, and I thinke the ſame that trouble you.
SV. Then 'tis the loue of a yong Gentleman, and bitter hatred of an old Dotard.
FLA. 'Tis ſo, witneſſe your brother *Eugenio*, and the rotten Karcaſe of *Pandolfo*. Had I a hundred hearts, I ſhould want roome to entertaine his loue, and the other's hate.
SV. I could ſay as much, were't not ſinne to ſlander the dead. Miſerable wenches, how haue we offended our fathers, that they ſhould make vs the price of their dotage, the medcine of their griefes, that haue more need of Phyſick our ſelues? I muſt bee froſt-bitten with the cold of your Dads winter, that mine may thaw his old ice with the Spring of your ſixteene. I thank my dead mother that left mee a womans will in her laſt Teſtament: That's all the weapons we poore girles can vſe, and with that will I fight 'gainſt father, friends, and kindred, and either enioy *Lelio*, or dye in the field in's quarrell.
FLA. *Sulpitia*, you are happy that can withſtand your fortune with ſo merry a reſolution.
SV. Why? ſhould I twine mine armes to cables, and ſigh my ſoule to Aire? Sit vp all night like a Watching Candle, and diſtill my braines through my eye-lids? your brother loues mee, and I loue your brother; and where theſe two conſent, I would faine ſee a third could hinder vs.

FLA

FLA. Alas, our Sex is most wretched, nurst vp from infancie in continuall slauerie. No sooner able to pray for our selues, but they brayle and hudde vs so with sowre awe of parents, that wee dare not offer to bate at our owne desires. And whereas it becomes men to vent their amorous passions at their pleasure; wee poore soules must rake vp our affections in the ashes of a burnt heart, not daring to sigh, without excuse of the Spleene, or fit of the mother.

SVL. I plainely will professe my loue of *Lelio*, 'tis honest, chast, and staines not modesty. Shall I be married to *Antonio*, that hath beene a sousst Sea-fish, this three months? and if hee bee aliue comes home with as many impaires, as a Hunting Gelding fal'n Packhorse. No, no, I'le see him freeze to Christall first. In other things, good father, I am your most obedient daughter, but in this a pure woman. 'Tis your part to offer, mine to refuse if I like not. *Lelio's* a hansome Gentleman, yong, fresh, rich, and well-fashioned, and him will *Sulpitia* haue, or dye a maide: And ifaith the temper of my bloud tel's me I was neuer borne to so cold a misfortune. Fye *Flauia*, fye wench, no more with teares and sighs, cheere vp, *Eugenio* to my knowledge loues you, and you shall haue him: I say you shall haue him.

FLA. I doubt not of his loue, but know no meanes, how hee dares worke against so great a Riuall: your father in a spleene may disinherite him.

SVL. And giue't to whom? has none but him and mee: What though he dote a while vpon your beauty, hee will not proue vnnaturall to his sonne. Goe to your chamber: my Genius whispers in my eare; and sweares this night we shall enioy our loues, and with that hope fare-well. FLA. Fare-well *Sulpitia*.

Finis Act. 2.

Act. 3. *Scæn.* 1.

PANDOLFO. CRICCA.

PAN. WHile the Astrologer hew's out *Trincalo*,
Squaring and framing him t'*Antonio*,
Cricca I'le make thee partner of a thought

That

That some thing troubles me. CRI. Say, sir, what ist?
PAN. I haue no heart to giue *Albumazar*
The chaine I promist him. CRI. Deliuer it me
And I'le present it to him in your name.
PA. Thas bene an Aireloome to our house foure hundreth yeares,
And should I leaue it now, I feare good fortune
Would flye from vs, and follow it. CRI. Then giue him
The price in gold. PAN. It comes to a hundred pounds,
And how would that well husbanded grow in time?
I was a foole to promise, I confesse it,
I was too hote and forward in the businesse.
CRIC. Indeed I wondred that your wary thriftinesse
Not wont to drop one peny in a quarter
Idly, would part with such a summe so easily.
PAN. My couetous thrift aimes at no other marke
Then in fit time and place to shew my bounty.
Who giues continually, may want at length
Wherewith to feed his liberality.
But for the loue of my deere *Flauia*
I would not spare my life, much lesse my treasure.
Yet if with honour I can win her cheaper,
Why should I cast away so great summe?
CRI. True: I haue a trick now hatching in my braine
How you may handsomely preserue your credit,
And saue the chaine. PAN. I would gladly do it,
But feare hee vnderstands vs what wee say.
CRI. What can you loose to try't, if it take (good *Criccal*
There's so much sau'd, if otherwise, nothing lost. PA. What is't
CR. Soone as *Albumazar* come's, loded with newes
Of th'transmutation of your seruant *Trincalo*,
I'le entertaine him here: meane while steale you
Closely into the roome, and quickly hide
Some speciall peece of Plate: Then runne out amaz'd,
Roaring, that all the Streete may know y'are rob'd.
Next threaten to attach him and accuse him
Before a Iustice, and in th'end agree,
If hee restore the Plate, you'le giue the Chaine,

Otherwise not. PAN. But if wee bee discou'red!
For by his instruments and familiars
He can do much. CRI. Lay all the fault on *Trincalo*,
But here's the maine point. If you can dissemble
Cunningly, and frame your countnance to expresse
Pitty and anger, that so learn'd a man
Should vse his friend so basely: If you can call
An out-cry well, roare high, and terrible.
PAN. I'le fetch a cry from th'bottome of my heeles
But I'le roare loud enough; and thou must second mee
With wonder at the suddaine accident.
CRI. But yours is the maine part, for as you play't
You win or loose the chaine. PAN. No more, no more, hee comes.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 2.

ALBVM. PAND. CRICCA.

ALB. SIgnior *Pandolfo*, three quarters of an houre
Render's your seruant perfectly transform'd.
CR. Is he not wholy chang'd? what parts are wanting?
AL. *Antonio's* shape hath cloath'd his bulk and visage,
Onely his hands and feete, so large and callous,
Require more time to supple. CRI. Pray you sir,
How long shall he retaine this metamorphosis?
ALB. The compleate circle of a naturall day.
CRI. A naturall day? Are any daies vnnaturall?
ALB. I meane the revolution o'th' first mover,
Iust twice twelue houres, in which periode the rapt motion
Rowles all the Orbes from East to Occident. (theeues, theeues!
PAN. Helpe, helpe, theeues, theeues, neighbours I am rob'd,
CRI. What a noise make you sir? PAN. Haue I not reason
That thus am rob'd, theeues, theeues, call Constables,
The Watch, and Sergeants, Friends and Constables,
Neighbours I am vndone. CRI. This well begunne,
So hee hold out still with a higher straine.
What ailes you sir? PAN. *Cricca* my chamber's spoild

Of all my hangings, cloathes, and ſiluer plate.
CRIC. Why this is brauely fain'd; continue ſir.
PAN. Lay all the Gold-ſmithes, Keepers, Marſhals, Bayliues.
CRIC. Fye ſir, your paſſion fall's, cry louder, roare
That all the Streete may heare. PAN. Theeues, theeues, theeues!
All that I had is gone, and more then all.
CRIC. Ha, ha, ha: hold out, hold out; lay out a Lyons throate,
A little lowder. PAN. I can cry no longer,
My throate's ſore, I am rob'd, I am rob'd, al's gone.
Both my owne treaſure, and the things I borrow'd.
Make thou an out-cry, I haue loſt my voice:
Cry fire, and then they'l heare thee. CR. good, good, theeues,
What ha you loſt? PAN. Wine, Iewels, Table-cloathes,
A cup-boord of rich plate. GRIC. Fye, you'le ſpoile all.
Now you out-do it. Say but a bowle or two.
PAN. Villaine, I ſay al's gone; The room's as cleane
As a wip't Looking-glaſſe: ôj me, ôj me. (gull mee ſure.
CR. What, in good earneſt? PA. Foole in accurſed earneſt. CR. You
PAN. The window towards the South ſtand's ope, from whence
Went all my treaſure. Where's th'Aſtrologer?
ALB. Here ſir: and hardly can abſtaine from laughing
To ſee you vex your ſelfe in vaine. PAN. In vaine *Albumazar*?
I left my plate with you, and 'tis all vaniſh't,
And you ſhall anſwer it. ALB. O! were it poſſible
By powre of Art, to check what Art hath done,
Your man ſhould nere be chang'd: To wrong mee thus
With foule ſuſpition of flat felonie?
Your Plate, your cloath of ſiluer, wine, and iewels,
Linnen, and all the reſt, I gaue to *Trincalo*,
And for more ſafety, lock't them in the lobby.
Hee'le keepe them carefully. But as you loue your Miſtreſſe
Diſturbe him not this halfe houre, leaſt you'le haue him
Like to a Centaure, halfe Clowne, halfe Gentleman.
Suffer his foote and hand that's yet vntouch't,
To be innobled like his other members.
PAN. *Albumazar*, I pray you pardon mee,
Th'vnlook'd-for bareneſſe of the roome amaz'd mee.

ALB. How? thinke you me so negligent to commit
So rich a masse of treasure to th'open danger
Of a large casement, and suspitious Alley?
No sir, my sacrifice no sooner done
But I wrapt all vp safe, and gaue it *Trincalo*.
I could be angry, but that your suddaine feare
Excuses you. Fye, such a noise as this
Halfe an houre past, had skar'd th'intelligences,
And spoil'd the worke, but no harme done: go walke
Westward, directly Westward, one halfe houre:
Then turne back, and take your seruant turn'd t'*Antonio*.
And as you like my skill performe your promise.
I meane the Chaine. PAN. Content. Let's still go Westward,
Westward good *Cricca*, still directly Westward.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 3.

ALBVM. RONCA. HARPAX. FVRBO.

ALB. Harpax, *Furbo*, and *Ronca*, come out, al's cleere,
Why here's a noble prize worth venturing for.
Is not this brauer then sneake all night in danger,
Picking of lockes, or hooking cloathes at windoes?
Here's plate, and gold, and cloath, and meate and wine,
All rich: and easily got. *Ronca* stay here about,
And waite till *Trincalo* come forth: Then call him
With a low reuerence *Antonio*,
Giue him this gold with thankes, tell him he lent it
Before hee went to *Barbary*. RON. How loose ten peeces?
ALB. There's a necessity in't, deuise some course
To get't againe: if not; our gaine's sufficient
To beare that losse. *Furbo* finde out *Bauilona*
The Curtezan, let her faine her selfe a Gentlewoman
Inamored of *Antonio*, bid her inuite him
To banket with her, and by all meanes possible
Force him stay there two houres. HAR. Why two houres?
ALB. That in that time thou maist conuey

Our

Our treasure to the Inne, and speake a boate
Ready for *Graues-end*, and prouide a supper:
Where, with those pretious liquors, and good meates,
Wee'l cheere our selues; and thus well fed, and merry,
Take Boat by night. FVR. And what will you do?
ALB. First in and vsher out our changeling *Trincalo*:
Then finish vp a businesse of great profit,
Begun with a rich Marchant, that admires
My skill in Alchymie. I must not loose it.
RON. *Harpax* bestow the plate, *Furbo* our beards,
Blacke patches for our eyes, and other properties,
And at the time and place meet all at Supper.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 4.

ALBVMAZAR. TRINCALO.

AL. STand forth transform'd *Antonio* fully mued
From browne soare feathers of dull yeomanry
To th'glorious bloome of gentry; prune your selfe slick,
Sweare boldly y'are the man you represent
To all that dare deny't. TRI. I finde my thoughts
Most strangely altred; but me thinkes my face
Feeles still like *Trincalo*. ALB. You imagine so.
Senses are oft deceiu'd. As an attentiue Angler
Fixing his steady eyes on the swift streames
Of a steepe tumbling torrent, no sooner turnes
His sight to land, but giddy, thinkes the firme bankes
And constant trees, moue like the running waters:
So you that thirty yeares haue liu'd in *Trincalo*,
Chang'd suddenly, think y'are so still; but instantly
These thoughts will vanish. TRI. Giue me a looking-glasse
To read your skill in these new lineaments.
ALB. I'de rather giue you poyson: for a glasse
By secret power of crosse reflections,
And opticke vertue, spoiles the wondrous worke
Of transformation, and in a moment turnes you

Spight of my skill, to *Trincalo*, as before.
We read that *Apuleius* by a roſe
Chang'd from an Aſſe to Man: ſo by a mirrour,
You'l looſe this noble luſtre, and turne Aſſe.
I humbly take my leaue; but ſtill remember
T'auoyd the Diuell and a looking glaſſe.
New-borne *Antonio*, I kiſſe your hands.
TRI. Divine *Albumazar* I kiſſe your hands.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 5.

TRINCA. RONCA.

TR. NOw am I grown a gentleman, and a fine one,
I know't by th'kiſſing of my hands ſo courtly,
My courteous knees bend in ſo true a diſtance,
As if my foot walk't in a frame of purpoſe.
Thus I accoſt you: or thus, ſweet ſir, your ſeruant:
Nay more, your ſeruants ſeruant: that's your grand-ſeruant.
I could deſcend from th'top of *Pauls* to th'bottome,
And on each ſtep ſtrew parting complements,
Striue for a doore while a good Carpenter
Might make a new one. I am your ſhadow ſir,
And bound to wait vpon you. I'faith I will not: pray ſir, &c.
O braue *Albumazar*!
RON. Iuſt *Æſop's* Crow, prink't vp in borrowed feathers.
TRI. My veines are fild with newneſſe: ô for a Chyrurgian
To ope this Arme, and view my gentle blood,
To try if't run two thouſand pounds a yeare.
I feele my vnderſtanding is enlarg'd
With the rare knowledge of this latter age.
A ſacred fury ouer-ſwayes me. Prime!
Deale quickly, play, diſcard, I ſet ten ſhillings ſix pence.
You ſee't? my reſt, fiue and fifty. Boy, more cards;
And as thou go'ſt, lay out ſome roaring oathes
For me; I'le pay thee againe with intereſt.
O braue *Albumazar!*

RON.

RON. How his imagination boyles, and workes in all things
He euer saw or heard! TRI. At gleeke? content.
A morneuall of Ases, gleeke of Knaues,
Iust nine apeece. Sir my gray Barbarie
'Gainst your dun cow, three traine sents and th'course,
For fiftie pound: as I am a gentleman
I'le meet next Cocking, and bring a haggard with me
That stoopes as free as lightning, strikes like thunder.
I lye? my reputation you shall heare on't.
O braue *Albumazar*!
RON. Hee'l grow starke mad I feare me. TR. Now I know
I am perfectly transform'd, my mind incites me
To chalenge some braue fellow for my credit,
And for more safety, get some friend in priuate
To take the businesse vp in peace and quiet.
RON. Signior *Anton*? TRI. There's not a crum of *Trincalo*.
In all this frame, but th'loue of *Armellina*:
Wer't not for thee I'de trauaile, and home againe
As wise as I went ouer.
RON. Signior *Antonio* welcome ten thousand times:
Blest be the Heau'ns and seas for your returne.
TRI. I thanke you sir: *Antonio* is your seruant,
I am glad to see you wel. Fy, I kisse your hands: and thus accost you.
RON. This three months all your kindred, friends and children,
Mourn'd for your death. TRI. And so they well might do,
For fiue dayes I was vnder water; and at length
Got vp and spred my selfe vpon a chest,
Rowing with armes, and stearing with my feet;
And thus in fiue dayes more got land: beleeue it
I made a most incredible escape,
And safe returne from *Barbarie*: at your seruice.
RON. Welcome ten thousand times from *Barbarie*.
No friend more glad to see *Antonio*
Then I: nor am I thus for hope of gaine;
But that I finde occasion to be gratefull
By your returne. Do you remember sir,
Before you went, as I was once arrested,

And

And could not put in baile; you passing by,
Lent me ten pound, and so discharg'd the debt?
TRI. Yes, yes, as well as 'twere but yesterday.
RON. Oft haue I waited at your house with money,
And many thankes: but you were still beyond seas.
Now am I happy of this faire occasion
To testifie my honest care to pay you:
For you may need it. TRIN. Sir, I doe indeed,
Witnesse my treasure cast away by shipwracke.
RO. Here sir. TR. Is the gold good, for mine was good I lent you.
RO. It was, and so is this. Signior *Antonio*, for this curtesie
Call me your seruant. TR. Farewell good seruant, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
I know not so much as his name! ten pound? this change is better
then my birth: for in all the yeares of my yeomanry I could neuer
yoke two crownes, and now I haue hearded ten fifty twenty shil-
ling pecces. Now will I goe to this Astrologer, and hire him turne
my Cart to a Caroch, my foure Iades to two paire of Dutch mares,
my mistres *Armellina* to a Lady, my Plow-boy *Dick* to two guar-
ded foot-men: then will I hurry my selfe to the Mercers bookes,
weare rich cloathes, be cal'd *Tony* by a great man, sell my lands, pay
no debts, hate Citizens, and beate Sergeants: and when all failes,
sneake out of *Antonio* with a two-peny looking-glasse, and turne as
true *Trincalo* as euer.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 6.

HARPAX. TRINCALO.

HAR. SIgnior *Antonio*, welcome. TRI. My life here's ten pound
more. I thanke you heartily.
HARP. Neuer in fitter season could I finde you.
If you remember sir, before you went
To *Barbary*, I lent you ten pound in gold.
TRIN. Faith I remember no such thing, excuse me.
What may I call your name? HARP. My name is *Harpax*,
Your friend and neighbour, of your old acquaintaince,
TRIN. What *Harpax*! I am your seruant, I kisse your hands:

You

You muſt excuſe me, you neuer lent me money.
HAR. Sir, as I liue, ten twenty-ſhilling peeces.
TRI. Dangers at Sea, I find, haue hurt my memory.
HAR. Why here's your owne hand-writing ſeal'd and ſign'd,
In preſence of your Coſen *Iulio*.
TRI. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but I ſuſtain'd great loſſes
By reaſon of the ſhipwracke. Here's fiue peeces,
Will that content you? and to morrow morning
Come to my houſe and take the reſt. HAR. Well ſir,
Though my neceſſity would importune you
For all, yet on your worſhips word, the reſt
I'le call for in the morning. Farewell *Antonio*,
TRI. I ſee we gentlemen can ſometime borrow
As well as lend, and are as loath to pay
As meaner men. I'le home, leſt other creditors
Call for the reſt.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 7.

RONCA. TRINCALO.

RON. SIgnior *Antonio*? I ſaw you as you landed,
And in great haſt follow'd to congratulate
Your ſafe returne, with theſe moſt wiſh't embraces.
TRI. And I accept your ioy with like affection.
How do you call your ſelfe? RON. Haue you forgot
Your deere friend *Ronca*, whom you lou'd ſo well?
TRI. O I remember now my deere friend *Ronca*.
RON. Thanks to the fortune of the ſeas that ſau'd you.
TRI. I feare I owe him money: how ſhall I ſhift him?
How do's your body *Ronca*? RON. My deere *Antonio*,
Neuer ſo well as now I haue the power
Thus to embrace my friend, whom all th'Exchange
Gaue drown'd for three whole months. My deere *Antonio*.
TR. I thank you ſir. RO. I thank you. TR. While my deere *Ronca*
Clipt me, my purſe ſhooke dangerouſly; yet both his armes
And hands embrac'd my necke: here's none behinde me,

How can this be? RON. Most deare *Antonio*,
Was not your passage dangerous from *Barbarie*?
We had great windes and tempests; and I feare me,
You felt the force at sea. TRI. Yes dearest *Ronca*.
How's this? I see his hands, and yet my purse is gone.
RO. Signior *Antonio*, I see your mind's much troubled
About affaires of worth; I take my leaue,
And kisse your hands of liberalitie.
TRI. And kisse my hands of liberalitie?
I gaue him nothing: O my purse, my purse!
Deare master *Ronca*. RON. What's your pleasure sir?
TR. Shew me your hand. RO. Here 'tis. TR. But where's th'other?
RON. Why here. TRI. But I meane where's your other hand?
RON. Thinke you me the Giant with a hundred hands?
TR. Giue me your right. RO. My right? TR. Your left. RO. My left?
TR. Now both. RON. There's both my deere *Antonio*.
Keepe your selfe darke, eate broath; your fearefull passage,
And want of naturall rest hath made you frantick.
TRI. Villaine, rogue, cut-purse, theefe, deare *Ronca* stay: hee's gone
I'th Diuels name, how could this fellow do it?
I felt his hands fast lock't about my necke;
And still he spoke, it could not be his mouth:
For that was full of deere *Antonio*.
My life he stol't with's feet; such a tricke more
Will worke worse with me then a looking-glasse,
To loose fiue pound in curt'sie, and the rest
In salutation! RON. Signior *Antonio*,
What ailes you? TRI. *Ronca* a rogue, a cut-purse,
Hath rob'd mee of fiue twenty-shilling peeces.
RON. What kind of man was he? something like me?
TRI. Had such a thecuish countenance as your owne,
But that he wore a black patch ore his eye.
RON. Met you with *Ronca*? 'tis the cunningst nimmer
Of the whole company of cut-purse hall.
I am sorry I was not here to warne you of him.

ALBVMAZAR.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 8.

FVRBO. BEVILONA. TRINCALO.

BE. *Furbo* no more, vnleſſe thy words were charmes
Of power to reuiue him: *Antonio's* dead.
Hee's dead, and in his death hath buried
All my delights: my eares are deafe to muſicke
That ſounds of pleaſure: ſing then the doleful'ſt notes
That er'e were ſet by melancholy: O *Antonio!*
Furbo ſings this ſong.
Flow ſtreames of liquid ſalt from my ſad eyes,
To celebrate his mournfull exequies.
Antonio's *dead, hee's dead, and I remaine*
To draw my poore life in continuall paine,
Till it haue paid to his ſad memory
Dutie of loue: ô then moſt willingly
Drown'd with my teares, as hee with waues, I dye.
BE. Breake thy ſad ſtrings, and inſtrument: O ſtrange! hee's here.
Signior *Antonio!* my heart's ſweet content!
My life and better portion of my ſoule!
Are you return'd? and ſafe? for whoſe ſad death
I ſpent ſuch ſtreames of teares, and guſts of ſighes?
Or is't my loue, that to my longing fancy
Frames your deſired ſhape, and mockes my ſenſes?
TRI. Whom do you talke withal faire gentlewoman?
BE. With my beſt friend, commander of my life,
My moſt belou'd *Antonio*. TRI. With me?
What's your deſire with me ſweet Lady?
BE. Sir to command me, as you haue done euer,
To what you pleaſe: for all my libertie
Lies in your ſeruice. TRI. Now I ſmell the buſineſſe.
This is ſome gentlewoman inamored
With him whoſe ſhape I beare: Fie, what an Aſſe
Was I to ſtrange my ſelfe, and looſe th'occaſion
Of a good banquet, and her companie?
Il'e mend it as I can. Madame I did but ieſt

To try if abſence cauſ'd you to forget
A friend that lou'd you euer. BEV. Forget *Antonio*,
Whoſe deare remembrance doth informe the ſoule
Of your poore ſeruant *Beuilona*? no,
No, had you dy'd, it had not quench't one ſparke
Of th'ſweet affection which your loue hath kindled
In this warme breaſt. TRI. Madam, the waues had drown'd mee,
But that your loue held vp my chin. BEV. Wil't pleaſe you
Enter, and reſt your ſelfe, refreſh the wearineſſe
Of your hard trauell: I haue good wine and fruits,
My husband's out of towne: you ſhall command
My houſe, & all that's in't. TR. Why are you married?
BE. Haue you forgot my husband? an angry roarer?
TR. O I remember him: but if he come?
BE. Whence growes this feare? how come you ſo reſpectfull?
You were not wont be numb'd with ſuch a coldneſſe.
Go in ſweet life, go in.
TRIN. O! I remember while I liu'd in *Barbary*
A pretty ſong the Moores ſing to a gridiron:
Sweet Madame by your fauour I'le ſing't to this.

Alech Deluſh, &c. Thus 'tis in Engliſh.

My heart in flames doth fry
Of thy beauty,
While I
Dy.
Fy?
And why
Shouldſt thou deny
Me thy ſweet company?
My braines to tears do flow
While all below
Doth glow.
O!
Foe
If ſo,
How canſt thou go
Aboue to ſay me no?

This

This the Moores call two wings vpon a Gridiron.
But it goes ſweeter farre 'oth' iron Inſtrument.
BEV. There's one within my Kitchin ready ſtrung: go in.
TRI. Sweete Lady pardon mee, I'le follow you.
Happy *Antonio* in ſo rare a Miſtreſſe!
But happier I, that in his place enioye her:
I ſay ſtill, there's no pleaſure like Tranſforming.

ACT. 3. SCEN. 9.

RONCA. BEVIL. TRINCALO.

RON. NOw is the Aſſe expecting of a banquet,
Ready to court, embrace, and kiſſe his Miſtreſſe.
But I'le ſoone ſtaue him. Tick, tock, what ho!
BEV. Who's that ſo boldly knocks? I am not within;
Or buſy: Why ſo importunate? who is't? RON. 'Tis I. (*Roger*, &c.
BE. Your name? RO. *Thomas* vp *William*, vp *Morgan*, vp *Danie*, vp.
TRI. *Iſpinola's* Campe's broke looſe: a troupe of Souldiers!
BEV. Oj me! my Husband! Oj me wretch, 'tis my Husband.
TRI. One man, and weare ſo many names! BEV. O ſir,
'Has more out-ragious deuils in his rage,
Then dames. As you reſpect your life, auoide him.
Downe at that window. TR. 'Tis as high as Paules.
Open the Garden dore. BEV. He 'has the keyes.
Downe at ſome window, as you loue your life,
Tender my honour, and your ſafety. RON. *Beuilona*?
Downe, or I'le breake the dores, and with the ſplinters
Beate all thy bones to peeces: Downe you whore!
BEV. Be patient but a little; I come inſtantly.
TRI. Ha' you no trunck nor cheſt to hide mee? BE. None ſir.
Alas I am cleane vndone, it is my Husband.
RON. Doubtleſſe, this whore hath ſome of her companions
That wrong mee thus. But if I catch the villaine,
Il'e bath my hungry ſword, and ſharpe reuenge,
In his heart-bloud. Come downe. BEV. I cannot ſtay.
There ſtands an empty Hogſhead with a falſe bottome

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To ope and ſhut at pleaſure: come hither, in,
In, as you loue your life. TRI. But heare you Madam,
Is there no looking-glaſſe within't, for I hate glaſſes
As naturally, as ſome do Cats, or Cheeſe.
BEV. In, in, there's none. RO. Who now? Is the Aſſe paſt?
BEV. I tunn'd him vp, ha, ha, ha, I feare hee'le fall a working.
RON. Second me hanſomely, wee'le entertaine him
An houre or two, and laugh and get his cloath's
To make our ſport vp. Wife, where's the empty hogſhead
That wont to ſtand vnder the ſtaires? BE. There ſtill.
RON. Out with it quickly: I muſt haue it fil'd.
BE. Not to day, good ſir, to morrow will ſerue as well.
RO. I muſt ha't now. BE. 'Tis more then I can cary.
RON. I'le helpe thee: ſo, ſo. Foh! this veſſel's muſty.
Fetch out ſome water. BEV. Fetch't your ſelfe.
TRI. Pox of all Tranſmutation, I am ſmother'd.
Lady, as you loue mee, giue the Hogſhead vent.
The beere that's in't will worke and breake the veſſell.
BEV. Signior *Antonio*, as you loue your life
Lie ſtill and cloſe, for if you ſtirre you die.
RON. So, ſo, now ſhake it, ſo, ſo. TR. Oh I am drown'd, I drowne!
RO. Whence come's this hollow ſound? TR. I drowne, I ſmother!
RON. My life 'tis *Trincalo*, For I haue heard that Coxcombe,
That Aſſe, that Clowne, ſeekes to corrupt my wife,
Sending his fruite and dainties from the Country.
O that 'twere he. How would I vſe the villaine!
Firſt crop his eares, then ſlit his noſe, and gueld him,
And with a red hot Iron ſeare his raw wounds;
Then barrell him againe, and ſend the Eunuch (in heere?
To the great Turk to keep his Concubines. Tick, tock, who's with-
BEV. One that you dare not touch. RON. One that I dare not?
Out villaine, out. Signior *Antonio!*
Had it beene any but your ſelfe, hee had died.
But as you ſau'd my life before you went,
So now command mine in your ſeruices.
I would haue ſworne y'ad drown'd in *Barbary*.
TRI. 'Twas a hard paſſage: but not ſo dangerous

As was this Veſſell. Pray you conceiue no ill,
I meant no harme, but cal'd at your wife to know
How my ſonne *Lelio* did, and daughter *Flauia*.
RON. Sir I beleeue you. TRI. But I muſt tell you one thing,
You muſt not be ſo iealous, on my honour
Shee's very honeſt. RO. For you I make no queſtion.
But there's a rogue cal'd *Trincalo*, whom if I catch.
I'le teach him. TR. Who? you meane *Pandolfo's* Farmer.
Alas poore foole, hee's a ſtark Aſſe, but harmeleſſe.
And though ſhe talk with him, 'tis but to laugh,
As all the world do's at him: Come be friends
At my entreaty. RON. Sir, for your ſake. BE. I thanke you.
TRI. Let's haue a fire, and while I dry my ſelfe,
Prouide good wine and meate. I'le dine with you.
I muſt not home thus wet. I am ſomething bold with you.
RON. My houſe and ſelfe are at your ſeruice. TR. Lead in.
Alas poore *Trincalo* had'ſt thou been taken,
Thou hadſt bene tunn'd for Turky. Ha, ha, ha, fare fall *Antonio's*
What a notorious Wittall's this! Ha, ha, ha,

Act. 4. Scena 1.

ANTONIO.

THVS by great fauour of propitious ſtarres,
From fearefull ſtormes, ſhip-wrack, and raging billowes,
Mercileſſe iawes of death, am I return'd
To th'ſafe and quiet boſome of my Country,
And wiſh'd embracements of my friends and kindred.
The memory of theſe misfortunes paſt,
Seaſon's the welcome, and augments the pleaſure
I ſhall receiue of my ſonne *Lelio*,
And daughter *Flauia*. So doth alloy

Make

Make gold, that elſe were vſeleſſe, ſeruiceable.
So th'rugged fore-head of a threatning Mountaine,
Threatens the ſmoothneſſe of a ſmiling Valley.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 2.

Cricca. Antonio.

Cri. VVHat do I ſee? Is not this *Trincalo*
Transform'd t'*Antonio*? 'tis: and ſo perfectly
That did the right *Antonio* now confront him,
I'de ſweare they both were true, or both were falſe.
Ant. This man admires the vnexpectednesſe
Of my returne. Cr. O wondrous powre of Starres,
And skill of Art t'apply't. You that are married
May iuſtly feare, leaſt this Aſtrologer
Cloath your wiues ſeruants in your ſhape, and vſe you
As *Iupiter* did *Amphitrio*. You that are rich,
In your owne forme may looſe your gold. Ant. 'Tis *Cricca*.
Cri. Hee ſeeme's ſo iuſt the man hee repreſent's,
That I dare hardly vſe him as I purpoſ'd.
Ant. *Cricca*, well met, how fares my friend *Pandolfo*?
Cri. Your friend *Pandolfo*? How are your meanes improu'd;
To ſtile familiarly your Maiſter friend? Ant. What ſaiſt thou?
Cri. That I reioyce your Worſhip's ſafe return'd
From your late drowning. Th'Exchange hath giu'n you loſt.
And all your friends worne mourning three monthes paſt.
Ant. The danger of the Shipwrack I eſcap't
So deſperate was, that I may truely ſay
I am new borne, not ſau'd. Cri. Ha, ha, ha, through what a grace
And goodly countenance, the Raskall ſpeakes?
What a graue poreance? Could *Antonio*
Himſelfe out-do him? ô you notorious villaine!
Who would haue thought thou couldſt haue thus diſſembled?
Ant. How now? a ſeruant thus familiar? Syrrha
Vſe your companions ſo: more reuerence
Becomes you better. Cri. As though I vnderſtood not,

The end of all this plot and goodly buſineſſe?
Come I know all, ſee! this vntil'd clod of earth
Conceites his minde transform'd, as well as body.
Hee wringes and bites his lips for feare of laughing. Ha,ha,ha!
ANT. Why laugh you ſirra? CRI. Sirra, to ſee thee chang'd
So ſtrangely, that I can not ſpy one inch
Of thy old Clowniſh Carkas. Ha,ha. ANT. Laughter proceeds
From abſurd actions that are harmeleſſe. CRI. Ha, ha,ha.
Sententious Block-head! ANT. And y'are ill aduis'd
To ieſt in ſteed of pitty. Alas! my miſeries,
Dangers of death, ſlau'ry of cruell Moores,
And tedious iournies, might haue eaſly altred
A ſtronger body; much more this decay'd veſſell,
Out-worne with age, and broken by misfortunes.
CR. Leaue your ſet ſpeeches. Go to *Antonio's* houſe,
Effect your buſineſſe. For vpon my credite
Th'art ſo well turn'd, they dare not but accept thee.
ANT. Where ſhould I hope for welcome, if not there;
From my owne houſe, children, and family?
CRI. Is't poſſible this Coxcombe ſhould conceiue
His mind tranſform'd? How gracely he continues
The countnance hee began? Ha,ha. Why block-head?
Think'ſt to deceiue mee too? Why *Trincalo*?
AN. I vnderſtand you not. Hands off. CRI. Art not thou *Trincalo*,
Pandolfo's man? ANT. I not ſo much as know him.
CRI. Dar'ſt thou denie't to mee? AN. I dare, and muſt
To all the world, long as *Antonio* liues.
CR. You arrant Aſſe, haue not I knowne thee ſerue
My Maiſter in his Farme this thirteene yeares?
ANT. By all the oathes that bind mens conſciences
To truth, I am *Antonio*; and no other.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 4.

PANDOLFO. CRICCA. ANTONIO.

PAN. VVHat meanes this noiſe? ô *Cricca!* what's the matter?
CR. Sir heere's your Farmer *Trincalo*, tranſform'd

So iuſt, as he were melted, and new caſt
In the true mould of old *Antonio*.
PAN. Th'right eye's no liker to the left, then hee
To my good neighbour. Diuine *Albumazar*!
How I admire thy skill! iuſt ſo hee look't,
And thus hee walk't; this is his face, his haire,
His eies, and countnance; If his voyce be like
Then is th'Aſtrologer a wonder-worker.
ANT. Signior *Pandolfo*, I thanke the heauens as much
To finde you well, as for my owne returne.
How do's your daughter, and my loue, *Sulpitia*?
PAN. Well, well, ſir. CRI. This is a good beginning,
How naturally the rogue diſſembles it?
With what a gentle garbe, and ciuill grace
He ſpeake's and lookes: How cunningly *Albumazar* (ther: Sir,
Hath for our purpoſe ſuted him in Barbary cloaths. I'le try him fur-
We heard you were drown'd, pray you, how ſcap't you ſhip-wrack?
ANT. No ſooner was I ſhip't for Barbary,
But faire winde follow'd, and faire weather led vs.
When entred in the Straites of *Gibraltar*,
The heau'ns, and ſeas, and earth, conſpir'd againſt vs,
The tempeſt tore our helme, and rent our tackels,
Broake the maine Maſt, whilſt all the ſea about vs
Stood vp in watry Mountaines to ouerwhelme vs.
And ſtruck's againſt a Rock, ſplitting the veſſell
T'a thouſand ſplinters. I, with two Mariners
Swam to the Coaſt, where by the barbarous Moores
We were ſurpriz'd, fetter'd, and ſold for ſlaues.
CR. This tale th'Aſtrologer pen'd, and he hath cond it.
ANT. But by a Gentleman of Italy
Whom I had knowne before. PAN. No more, this taſt
Proue's thou canſt play the reſt. For this faire ſtory
My hand I make thy ten pound, twenty Markes.
Thou look'ſt and ſpeak'ſt ſo like *Antonio*.
ANT. Whom ſhould I looke, and ſpeake like, but my ſelfe?
CRI. Good ſtill; PAN. But now my honeſt *Trincalo*,
Tell mee, where's all the Plate, the gold, and Iewels,

That

That the Aſtrologer, when hee had transform'd thee
Committed to thy charge? are they ſafe lock't?
ANT. I vnderſtand you not. PAN. The iewels man,
The Plate and gold th'Aſtrologer that chang'd thee
Bad thee lay vp? ANT. What plate? what gold? what Iewels,
What tranſformation? what Aſtrologer?
CRI. Leaue of *Antonio* now, and ſpeake like *Trincalo*.
ANT. Leaue of your ieſting; it neither fits your place
Nor age, *Pandoflo*, to ſcoffe your ancient friend.
I know not what you meane by gold and iewels,
Nor by th'Aſtrologer, nor *Trincalo*.
CRIC. Better and better ſtill. Beleeue mee ſir,
Hee thinke's himſelfe *Antonio*, and euer ſhall bee,
And ſo poſſeſſe your Plate. Art not thou *Trincalo*
My Maiſters Farmer? ANT. I am *Antonio*
Your Maſter's friend, if hee teach you more manners.
PAN. Humour of wiuing's gone: farewel good *Flauia*,
Three thouſand pound muſt not bee loſt ſo ſlightly.
Come ſir, wee'l drag you to th'Aſtrologer,
And turne you to your ragged barke of Yeomanry.
AN. To me theſe teames! PAN. Come I'le not looſe my Plate.
CRI. Stay, ſir, and take my counſell. Let him ſtill
Firmely conceite himſelfe the man hee ſeeme's:
Thus hee himſelfe deceiu'd, will farre more earneſtly
Effect your buſineſſe, and deceiue the reſt.
There's a maine difference twixt a ſelfe-bred action
And a for'ſt carriage. Suffer him then to enter
Antonio's houſe: and waite th'euent: for him
He cannot ſcape: What you entend to do,
Do't when 'has ſeru'd your turne. I ſee the Maide,
Let's hence leaſt they ſuſpect our conſultations.
PAN. Thy counſel's good: Away. CR. Looke *Trincalo*-
Yonder's your beautcous Miſtreſſe *Armellina*,
And daughter *Flauia*. Courage, I warrant thee.
ANT. Bleſt be the heau'ns, that rid me of this trouble.
For with their Farmer and Aſtrologer,
Plate, and gold, the'aue almoſt madded mee.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 4.

FLAVIA. ARMELLINA. ANTONIO.

FLA. *Armellina?* AR. M. Mistresse. FLA. Is the dore fast?
AR. Yes, as an Vsurers purse. FL. Come hither wench.
Looke here, there's *Trincalo*, *Pandolfo's* Farmer,
Wrapt in my father's shape: prethee come quickly,
And help mee to abuse him. AR. Notorious Clowne!
ANT. These are my gates, and that's the Cabinet
That keepes my Iewels, *Lelio*, and his sister.
FLA. Neuer was villany so personate
In seemely properties of grauity. AN. Tick, tock.
FLA. Who's hee that knock's so boldly? AR. What want you, sir?
AN. O my faire daughter *Flauia*! Let all the Starres
Powre downe full blessings on thee. Ope the dores.
FLA. Marke! his faire daughter *Flauia*. ha, ha, ha.
Most shameless villaine how hee counterfeits!
AN. Know'st not thy father, old *Antonio*?
Is all the world growne frantick? FL. What *Antonio*?
AN. Thy louing father, *Flauia*. FL. My father!
Would thou wert in his place. *Antonio's* dead,
Dead, vnder water drown'd. AN. That dead and drown'd!
Am I. FLA. I loue not to conuerse with dead men.
ANT. Open the dore sweete *Flauia*. FLA. Sir I am afear'd:
Horrour incloses mee, my haires stand vp,
I sweate to heare a dead man speake, you smell
Of putrifaction: Fy! I feel't hither.
AN. Th'art much abus'd, I liue: come downe, and know mee.
AR. Mistresse let mee haue some sport too. Who's there?
AN. Let mee come in. AR. Soft, soft sir, Y'are too hasty.
AN. Quickly, or else — AR. Good words, good words, I pray sir,
In strangers houses! were the dores your owne,
You might bee bolder. AN. I'le beate the dores and windowe's
About your eares. AR. Are you so hot? wee'le coole you.
Since your late drowning, your gray and reuerent head

Is'

Is smear'd with Oes, and stucke with Cockle-shels,
This is to wash it. AN. Impudent whoore! ARM. Out Carter,
Hence durtie whipstocke, hence your foule clowne; be gone,
Or all the water I can make, or borrow,
Shall once more drowne you.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 5.

LELIO. ANTONIO. ARMELLINA.

LE. *Armellina*? who do you draw your tongue vpon so sharply?
ARM. Sir, 'tis your fathers ghost, that striues by force
To breake the doores and enter. LE. This his graue lookes!
In every lineament himselfe no liker.
Had I not haply been advertiz'd,
What could haue forc'd me thinke 'twere *Trincalo*?
Doubtlesse, th' Astrologer hath rais'd a ghost
That walkes in th' reverend ghost of my dead father.
ANT. These ghosts, these *Trincalo's*, and Astrologers,
Strike me beside my selfe. Who will receiue me
When mine owne sonne refuseth? ô *Antonio*!
LE. Infinite power of Art! who would beleeue
The planets influence could transforme a man
To seuerall shapes! I could now beate him soundly
But that he weares the awfull countenance
Of my dead father, whose memory I reverence.
AN. If I be chang'd beyond thy knowledge, sonne,
Consider that th' excesse of heate in *Barbarie*,
The feare of shipwrack, and long tedious iournies,
Haue tan'd my skin, and shrunk my eyes and cheekes;
Yet still this face, though alter'd, may be knowne.
This skarre beares witnesse, 'twas the wound thou cur'dst
With thine owne hands. LE. He that chang'd *Trincalo*
T' *Antonio's* figure, omitted not the skarre
As a maine character. AN. I haue no other markes
Or reasons to perswade thee; me thinkes, this word
I am thy father, were argument sufficient

To bend my knees, and creepe to my embracements.
Le. A sudden coldnesse strikes me, my tender heart
Beates with compassion of I know not what.
Sirra be gone, trusse vp your goodly speeches,
Sad shipwracks, and strange transformations.
Your plot's discouer'd, 'twill not take: thy impudence
For once I pardon. The pious reuerence
I owe to th'graue resemblance of my father
Holds backe my angry hands. Hence, if I catch you
Haunting my doores againe, I'le bastonado you
Out of *Antonio's* skin. Away. ANT. I goe sir,
And yeeld to such crosse fortune as thus driues me.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 6.

TRINCALO. *and* BEVILONA *dressing him.*

TRI. When this transformed substance of my carcasse
Did liue imprison'd in a wanton hogshead,
My name was *Don Antonio*, and that title
Preseru'd my life, and chang'd my suite of clothes.
How kindly the good Gentlewoman vs'd me! with what respect
and carefull tendernesse! Your worship (sir) had such a sickly constitution, and I feare much more now since your long trauaile; as you loue me, off with these wet things, and put on the suite you left with me before you went to *Barbary*. Good sir neglect not your health: for vpon my experience there's nothing worse for the rheume, then to bee drench't in a musty hogshead. Pretty soule! such another speech would haue drawn off my legges and armes, as easily as hose and doublet. Had I been *Trincalo* I'de haue sworne th'had cheated. But fy! 'tis base and clownish to suspect, and a gentlewomans freenesse to part with a cast suite. Now to the businesse. I'le in to my owne house, and first bestow *Armeliua* vpon *Trincalo*, then try what can bee done for *Pandolfo*: for 'tis a rule I wont t'obserue. First doe your own affaires, and next your masters. This word master makes me doubt I am not chang'd as I should be. But al's one, I'le venter, and doe something worthy *Antonio's* name while I haue it.

Act.

ACT. 2. SCEN. 7.

ANTONIO. TRINCALO.

AN. VVRetched *Antonio*, hast beene preseru'd so strangely
From forraine miseries to be wrong'd at home?
Bar'd from thy house by th'scornes of thine owne children?
TRIN. Tick, tock.
ANT. But stay, there's on knockes boldly, 'may be somefriend.
TRIN. Tick, tock.
ANT. Dwell you here gentleman? TRI. Hee cals me gentleman.
See th'vertue of good cloathes: all men salute,
Honour, respect and reverence vs. ANT. Yong gentleman,
Let me without offence intreate your name,
And why you knocke. TRI. How sirra Sawce-boxe, my name?
Or thou some stranger art, or grossely ignorant
That know'st not me. Ha! what art thou that ask'st it?
ANT. Bee not in choler sir. TRIN. Befits it me,
A gentleman of publicke reputation,
To stoope so low as satisfie the questions
Of base and earthly peeces like thy selfe? What art thou? ha?
ANT. Th'vnfortunate possessor of this house,
TRI. Thou ly'st base Sycophant, my worship owes it.
AN. 'May be my sonne hath sold it in my absence,
Thinking me dead. How long has't cal'd you master?
TRI. 'Long as *Antonio* possest it. AN. Which *Antonio*?
TRI. *Antonio Anastasio*, ANT. That *Anastasio*
That drown'd in *Barbarie*? TRI. That *Anastasio*,
That selfe same man am I: I scap'd by swimming,
And now returne to keepe my former promise
Of *Flauia* to *Pandolfo*; and in exchange,
To take *Sulpitia* to my wife. ANT. All this
I intended 'fore I went; but sir, if I
Can be noother then my selfe, and you
Are that *Antonio*, you and I are one.
TR. How? one with thee? speake such another sillable,
And by the terror of this deadly steele,

That:

That nere saw light, but sent to endlesse darknesse
All that durst stand before't: thou diest. AN. Alas
My weaknesse growne by age, and pames of trauell,
Disarmes my courage to defend my selfe;
I haue no strength but patience. TR. What art now?
AN. *Peter*, and *Thomas*, *William*, what you please.
TR. What boldnesse madded thee to steale my name?
AN. Sir, heat of wine. TR. And sirra when y'are drunk,
Is there no person to put on, but mine,
To couer your intended villanies?
AN. But good sir, if I be not I, who am I?
TR. An Oxe, an Asse, a dog. AN. Strange negligence
To loose my selfe! me thinkes I liue and moue,
Remember. Could the fearefull apprehension
Of th'vgly feare of drowning so transforme me?
Or did I dye, and by *Pythagoras* rule,
My soule's prouided of another lodging?
TRI. Be what thou wilt, except *Antonio*,
'Tis death to touch that name. AN. Dangers at sea
Are pleasures, weigh'd with these home-iniuries.
Was euer man thus skar'd beside himselfe?
O most vnfortunate *Antonio*!
At sea thou suffredst shipwrack of thy goods,
At land of thine owne selfe. *Antonio*?
Or what name else they please? fly, fly to *Barbarie*,
And rather there endure the forraigne crueltie
Of fetters, whippes, and Moores, then here at home
Be wrong'd and baffled by thy friends and children.
TRI. How? prating still? why *Timothy*, be gone,
Or draw, and lay *Antonio* downe betwixt vs,
Let fortune of the fight decide the question.
Here's a braue rogue, that in the Kings high-way
Offers to robbe me of my good name. Draw.
AN. These wrongs recall my strength, I am resolu'd.
Better dye once, then suffer alwayes. Draw.
TR. Stay. Vnderstand'st thou well nice points of duell?
Art borne of gentle bloud, and pure discent?

Was none of all thy linage hang'd, or cuckold?
Baſtard, or baſtinado'd? is thy pedigree
As long and wide as mine? For otherwiſe
Thou wert moſt vnworthy; and 'twere loſſe of honour
In me to fight. More, I haue drawne fiue teeth:
If thine ſtand ſound, the tearmes are much vnequall.
And by ſtrict lawes of duell, I am excuſ'd
To fight on diſadvantage. AN. This ſome Aſſe!
TRI. If we concurre in all, write a formall chalenge,
And bring thy ſecond: meane while I'le make prouiſion
Of *Calais* ſand to fight vpon ſecurely. Ha!

ACT. 4. SCEN. 8.

LELIO. CRICCA. TRINCALO. ANTONIO.

LE. AM I awake? or do deceitfull dreames
Preſent to my wild fanſie things I ſee not?
CR. Sir, what amazement's this? why wonder you?
LE. See'ſt thou not *Trincalo* and *Antonio*?
CR. O ſtrange! th'are both heere. LE. Didſt not thou informe me,
That *Trincalo* was turn'd t'*Antonio*?
Which I beleeuing, like a curſed ſonne,
With moſt reprochfull threats, drone mine old father
From his owne doores; and yet reſt doubtfull, whether
This be the true *Antonio*: 'may be th'Aſtrologer
Hath chang'd ſome other, and not *Trincalo*.
CR. No, feare it not: 'tis plaine: *Albumazar*
Hath cheated my old maſter of his plate.
For here's the Farmer, as like himſelfe as euer;
Onely his cloathes excepted. *Trincalo!*
TRI. *Cricca*, where's *Trincalo*? do'ſt ſee him here?
CR. Yes, and as ranke an Aſſe as e're he was.
TRI. Thou'rt much deceiu'd, thou neither ſee'ſt nor know'ſt me.
I am transform'd, transform'd. CR. Th'art ſtill thy ſelfe.
Lelio, this Farmer's halfe a foole, halfe knaue.
And as *Pandolfo* did with much intreatie

Perſwade him to transforme; ſo as much labour
Will hardly bring the Coxcombe to himſelfe,
That nere was out on't. Who art, if not hee?
TR. My name is *Don Antonio*, I am now going
To my owne houſe, to giue *Pandolfo Flauia*,
And *Armellina* to his Farmer *Trincalo*.
How dar'ſt thou *Cricca*, but a meaner ſeruant,
Reſemble me, a man of worth and worſhip,
To ſuch a clowne as *Trincalo*, a branded foole,
An Aſſe, a laughing-ſtock to Towne and Countrey?
Art not aſham'd to name him with *Antonio*?
LE. Do not thy actions, with thy rude behauiour,
Proclaime thee what thou art? CR. Notorious clowne!
TR. Villaine, th'haſt broke my ſhoulders. LE. O did'ſt feele him?
TR. I with a poxe. LE. Then th'art ſtill *Trincalo*.
For hadſt thou beene *Antonio*, he had ſmarted.
TRI. I feele it as I am *Antonio*.
CRI. Foole! who loues *Armellina*? TR. 'Tis I, 'tis I.
CRI. *Antonio* neuer lou'd his kitchin-maid.
TRI. Well, I was taken for *Antonio*,
And in his name receiu'd ten pound in gold,
Was by his miſtreſſe entertain'd; but thou
Enuy'ſt my happineſſe: if th'haſt th'ambition
To riſe as I haue done: Go to *Albumazar*,
And let him change thee to a Knight, or Lord.
CRI. Note the ſtrange power of ſtrong imagination.
TRI. A world of engines cannot wreſt my thoughts,
From being a Gentleman: I am one, and will be:
And though I bee not, yet will thinke my ſelfe ſo:
And ſcorne thee *Cricca*, as a ſlaue and ſeruant.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 9.

CRICCA. LELIO. ANTONIO.

CR. 'TIs but loſt labour to diſſwade his dulneſſe, (thence,
Beleeue me that's your father. LE. When I droue him
Spight

Spight of my bloud his reuerent countenance
Strooke me t'a deepe compassion. To cle ere all,
I'le aske one question. Signior *Antonio*,
What money tooke you when you went your voyage?
AN. As I remember, foureſcore and fifteene pound
In *Barbarie* gold. Had *Lucio* kept his word
I had carried iuſt a hundred. LE. Pardon me, father;
'Twas my blind ignorance, not want of duty,
That wrong'd you: all was intended for a Farmer,
Whom an Aſtrologer, they ſayd, transform'd.
AN. How an Aſtrologer? LE. When you parted hence
It ſeemes you promiſ'd *Flauia* to *Pandolfo*.
Newes of your death arriuing, th'old Gentleman
Importunes me to ſecond what you purpoſ'd.
Conſulting therefore with my friends and kindred,
Loth my yong ſiſter ſhould be buried quicke
I'th graue of threeſcore yeares: by their aduice
I fully did deny him. He chafes and ſtormes,
And finds at length a cunning man, that promiſ'd
To turne his Farmer to your ſhape: and thus
Poſſeſſe your houſe, and giue him *Flauia*.
Whereof I warn'd, wrong'd you in ſtead of *Trincalo*.
AN. Then hence it came they cald me *Trincalo*,
And talk't of an Aſtrologer; which names
Almoſt inrag'd me paſt my ſelfe and ſenſes.
'Tis true I promiſ'd, but haue oft repented it.
And much more ſince he goes about to cheate me.
He muſt not haue her, ſir. LE. I am glad y'are ſo reſolu'd,
And ſince, with vs, you finde that match vnequall,
Let's all intreate you to beſtow your daughter
Vpon his ſonne *Eugenio*. AN. Sonne, at your pleaſure
Diſpoſe of *Flauia*, with my full conſent.
LE. And as you iudge him worthy your daughter *Flauia*,
Thinke me no leſſe of his *Sulpitia*.
AN. I do; and euer had deſire to match
Into that family; and now I finde my ſelfe
Old, weake, vnfit for marriage, you ſhall enioy her,

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If I can worke *Pandolfo* by intreatie?
CR. To deale with him with reason and intreaties,
Is to perswade a mad-man: for his loue
Makes him no lesse. All speeches opposite
T'his fixt desire, and doque-corrupted iudgement,
Seeme extreame fooleries. Will hee consent
To giue his daughter to your sonne, and you
Deny him *Flauia*? Shall *Eugenio*
Expect or land or loue from old *Pandolfo*,
Being his open riuall? 'tis impossible,
He sought to cosen you; therefore resolue
To pay him in's owne money. Be but aduis'd
By my poore counsaile, and one stroke shall cut
The root of his designes, and with his arrowes
Strike his owne plot so dead, that *Albumazar*
With all his starres and instruments, shall neuer
Giue it fresh motion. AN. *Cricca*, to thy direction
We yeeld our selues, manage vs at thy pleasure.
LE. Speake quickly *Cricca*. CR. The ground of all this businesse,
Is to catch *Trincalo*, and locke him fast
Till I release him: next, that no man whisper
Th'least word of your returne. Then will I home,
And with a cheerefull looke tell my old master,
That *Trincalo* —— but stay, looke where he comes,
Let's in, and there at leasure I'le informe you
From poynt to poynt. *Lelio*, detaine him here,
Till I send *Armellina* downe to second you.
Crosse him in nothing, call him *Antonio*,
And good enough. LE. Feare not, let me alone.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 10.

TRINCALO. LELIO.

TRI. THis rascall *Cricca* with his arguments
Of malice, so disturbes my gentle thoughts,
That I halfe doubt I am not what I seeme:

But

But that will soone bee clear'd; if they receiue mee
In at *Antonio's* house, I am *Antonio*.
LEL. Signior *Antonio* my most louing father?
Blest be the day and houre of your returne.
TRIN. Son *Lelio*? a blessing on my child, I pray thee tell mee,
How fares my seruant *Armellina*? well?
LEL. Haue you forgot my sister *Flauia*?
TRIN. What my deere daughter *Flauia*? no, but first
Call *Armellina*: for this day wee'l celebrate
A gleeke of Marriages: *Pandolfo* and *Flauia*,
Sulpitia and my selfe, and *Trincalo*
With *Armellina*. Call her, good *Lelio*, quickly.
LEL. I will sir. TRI. So: this is well that *Lelio*
Confesseth mee his father. Now I am perfect,
Perfect *Antonio*.

ACT. 4. SCEN. II.

ARMELLINA. TRINCALO.

AR. SIgnior *Antonio*!
My long expected Maister! TR. O *Armellina*!
Come let mee kisse thy brow like my owne daughter.
AR. Sir 'tis too great a fauour. I kisse your foote.
What saine? Alas! how feeble you are growne,
With your long trauel? TR. True, and being drown'd,
Nothing so grieu'd mee as to loose thy company.
But since I am safe return'd, for thy good seruice
I'le helpe thee to a husband. AR. A husband, sir?
Some yong and lusty youth, or else I'le none.
TRI. To one that loue's thee deerely, deerely wench,
A goodly man, like mee in limbs and fashion.
AR. Fye, an old man? how? cast my selfe away,
And bee no nurse but his? TR. Hee's not like mee
In yeares and grauity, but faire proportion. (*cala* of Totnam.
A hansome well-set man as I. AR. His name? TR. 'Tis *Tom Trin-*
ARM. Signior *Pandolfo's* lusty Farmer? TRI. That's hee.

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ARM. Most vnexpected happinesse! 'tis the man,
I more esteeme then my owne life: sweete Maister
Procure that match, and thinke mee satisfyed
For all my former seruice without wages.
But aj I feare you iest. My poore vnworthinesse
Hopes not so great a fortune as sweete *Trincalo*.
No, wretched *Armellina*, in and despaire:
Back to thy mournefull Dresser; there lament
Thy flesh to Kitchin-stuffe, and bones to ashes,
For loue of thy sweet Farmer. TRI. Alas poore soule,
How prettily shee weepes for mee! Wilt see him?
AR. My soule waites in my eies, and leaues my body
Senseless. TR. Then sweare to keep my counsell. AR. I sweare
By th'beauteous eies of *Trincalo*. TR. Why I am *Trincalo*.
AR. Your worship sir! why do you flout your seruant,
Right worshipfull *Antonio*, my reuerend Maister?
TRI. Pox of *Antonio*, I am Tom *Trincalo*.
Why laugh'st thou? AR. 'Tis desire and ioy,
To see my sweetest. TR. Look vpon mee and see him.
ARM. I say I see *Antonio*, and none other.
TRI. I am within, thy loue; without, thy Maister.
Th'Astrologer transform'd mee for a day.
AR. Mock not your poore Maide, pray you sir. TR. I doe not.
Now would I break this head against the stones,
To be vnchang'd; fye on this Gentry, it stick's
Like Bird-lime, or the Pox. I can not part with't.
Within, I am still thy Farmer *Trincalo*.
ARM. Then must I waite, till old *Antonio*
Bee brought to bed of a faire *Trincalo*;
Or flea you, and strip you to your selfe againe.
TRI. Carry mee to your chamber. Try mee there.
AR. O sir by no meanes: but with my louely Farmer
I'de stay all night and thank him. TRIN. Crosse misfortune!
Accurst *Albumazar*! and mad *Pandolfo*!
To change me thus, that when I most desire
To bee my selfe, I cannot. *Armellina!*
Fetch mee a looking-glasse. AR. To what end? TR. Fetch one.

Let

Let my old maisters businesse sink or swim,
This sweet occasion must not be neglected.
Now shall I know th' Astrologers skill: ô wonderfull!
Admir'd *Albumazar* in two transmutations:
Here's my old Farmers face. How in an instant (againe, &c:
I am vnchang'd that was so long a changing. Here's my flatte nose
Now *Armellina* take thy lou'd *Trincalo*
To thy desir'd embracements, vse thy pleasure,
Kisse him thy belly-full. ARM. Not here in publick.
T'enioy too soone what pleaseth is vnpleasant:
The world would enuy that my happinesse.
Go in, I'le follow you, and in my bed-chamber
Wee'l consummate the match in priuacie.
TRI. Was not the face I wore, farre worse then this?
But for thy comfort, Wench, *Albumazar*
Hath died my thoughts so deep i'th' graine of Gentry,
'Tis not a glasse can rob mee of my good fashion,
And Gentlemanly garbe. Follow, my deere.
AR. I'le follow you. So, now y'are fast enough.
TR. Help *Armellina*, help! I am fal'n i'th' cellar:
Bring a fresh Plantane leafe, I haue broke my shinne.
ARM. Thus haue I caught m'a husband in a trap,
And in good earnest meane to marry him.
'Tis a tough Clowne and lusty: he works day & night;
And rich enough for me, that haue no portion
But my poore seruice. Well: hee's something foolish;
The better can I dominere, and rule him
At pleasure. That's the marke, and vtmost height
Wee women aime at. I am resolu'd; I'le haue him.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 12.

LELIO. CRICCA.

LEL. IN, *Armellina*, lock vp *Trincalo*. AR. I will, sir.
LEL. *Cricca*, for this thy counsell, if't succeed,
Feare not thy maisters anger: I'le preferre thee

And

And count thee as my *Genius*, or good fortune.
CRI. It can not chuſe but take. I know his humor;
And can at pleaſure feather him with hopes,
Making him flye what pitch I wiſh, and ſtoope
When I ſhew fowle. LE. But for the ſute of cloathes?
CRI. Ile throw them o're your garden wall. Away.
Haſt to *Eugenio*, and *Sulpitia*,
Acquaint them with the buſineſſe. LE. I go.

ACT. 4. SCEN. 13.

LELIO. SVLPITIA.

LE. THe hopefull iſſue of thy counſell, *Crito*,
Brightens this eu'ning, and makes it more excell
The cleareſt day, then a gray morning doth
The blindeſt midnight: raiſing my amorous thoughts
To ſuch a pitch of ioy, that riches, honour,
And other pleaſures, to *Sulpitia's* loue,
Appeare like Mole-hils to the Moone. SVL. *Lelio?*
LEL. O there's the voice that in one note containes
All cords of Muſick: How gladly ſhee'l embrace
The newes I giue her, and the meſſenger!
SVL. Soft, ſoft, y'are much miſtaken: for in earneſt,
I am angry *Lelio*; and with you. LE. Sweeteſt, thoſe flames
Riſe from the fire of loue, and ſoone will quench
I'th' welcome newes I bring you. SVL. Stand ſtill I charge you
By th'vertue of my lips; ſpeake not a ſillable
As you expect a kiſſe ſhould cloſe my choler.
For I muſt chide you. LEL. O my *Sulpitia*,
Were euery ſpeech a Piſtoll charg'd with death,
I'de ſtand them all in hope of that condition.
SVL. Firſt, ſir, I heare, you teach *Eugenio*
Too graue a warineſſe in your ſiſters loue,
And kill his honeſt forwardneſſe of affection
With your farre-fet reſpects, ſuſpitions, feares.
You haue your may-bee's; this is dangerous:

That

That course were better: for if so: and yet:
Who know's? th'euent is doubtfull: bee aduis'd:
'Tis a yong rashnesse: your father is your father:
Take leasure to consider. Thus y'haue considered
Poore *Flauia* almost to her graue. Fy *Lelio*,
Had this my smalnesse vndertooke the businesse,
And done no more in foure short winter daies
Then you in foure monthes, I'de haue vow'd my maydenhead
To th'liuing Tomb of a sad Nunnery.
Which for your sake I loath. LEL. Sweete by your fauour
SVL. Peace!peace! Now y'are so wise as if y'had eaten
Nothing but braines, and marrow of Machiauell.
You tip your speeches with *Italian* Motti,
Spanish Refranes, and *English* Quoth Hee's. Beleeue mee
There's not a Prouerbe salt's your tongue, but plantes
Whole colonies of white haires. O what a businesse
These hands must haue when you haue married mee,
To pick out sentences that ouer-yeare you.
LEL. Giue mee but leaue. SVL. Haue I a lip? and you
Made Sonnets on't? 'tis your fault, for otherwise,
Your sister and *Eugenio* had beene sure (come yet.
Long time e're this. LEL. But-- SVL. Stay, your Qu's not
I hate as perfectly this gray-greene of yours,
As old *Antonio's* greene-gray. Fy! Wise louers,
Are most absurd. Were not I full resolu'd,
I should beginne to coole mine owne affection.
For shame consider well your sister's tempet.
Her melancholy may much hurt her. Respect her,
Or spight of mine owne loue, I'le make you stay
Six monthes, before you marry mee. *Lelio whispers.*
SVL. This your so happy newes? return'd? and safe?
Antonio yet aliue? *Lelio whispers.* SVL. And then?
Lelio whispers.
SVL. Well. All your businesse must bee compassed
With winding plots, and cunning stratagems.
Look to't: For if we be not married e're next morning,
By the great loue that's hid in this small compasse,

24100

Flauia and my selfe will steale you both away
To your eternall shame and foule discredit.
LEL. How pretily this louely littlenesse,
In one breath plead's her owne cause, and my sister's;
Chides mee, and loues. This is that pleasing temper
I more admire, then a continued sweetnesse
That ouer-satisfie's: 'Tis salt I loue, not sugar.

Finis Act. 4.

Act. 5. *Scœn.* 1.

ALBVMAZAR. RONCA. FVRBO. HARPAX.

ALB. HOw? not a single share of this great prize,
That haue deseru'd the whole? was't not my plot,
And paines, and you meere instruments and porters?
Shall I haue nothing? RON. No, not a siluer spoone.
FVR. Not couer of a Trencher-salt. HAR. Nor Table-napkin.
ALB. Friends, we haue kept an honest trust and faith
'Long time amongst vs: Breake not that sacred league,
By raising ciuill theft: turne not your furie
'Gainst your owne bowels. Rob your carefull Maister!
Are you not asham'd? RON. 'Tis our profession,
As your's Astrologie. And in th'daies of old,
Good morrow Theefe, as welcome was receiu'd,
As now your Worship. 'Tis your owne instruction.
FVR. The Spartans held it lawfull, and th'Arabians,
So grew Arabia, Happy: Sparta, Valiant.
HAR. The world's a Theater of Theft: great Riuers
Rob smaller Brookes; and them the Ocean.
ALB. Haue not I weand you vp from petty-larceny,
Dangerous and poore? and nurst you to full strength
Of safe and gainefull theft? By rules of Art
And principles of cheating, made you as free

From

From taking, as you went inuisible?
And do yee thus requite mee? this the reward
For all my watchfull care? Ro. We are your schollers,
Made by your helpe, and our owne aptnesse, able
To instruct others. 'Tis the Trade wee liue by.
You that are seruant to Diuine Astrologie,
Do something worth her liuery. Cast Figures,
Make Almanackes for all Meridians.
Fvr. Sell Perspicils, and Instruments of hearing,
Turne Clownes to Gentlemen, Buzzards to Falcons,
Cur-dogs to Grey-hounds, Kitchin-maids to Ladies.
Har. Discouer more new Stars, and vnknowne Planets:
Vent them by dozens, stile them by the names
Of men that buy such ware. Take lawfull courses,
Rather then beg. Al. Not keep your honest promise?
Fvr. Beleeue none, credit none: for in this Citie
No dwellers are, but Cheaters, and Cheateez.
Al. You promist me the greatest share. Ron. Our promise!
If honest men by Obligations,
And instruments of Law, are hardly constrain'd
T'obserue their word; Can wee, that make profession
Of lawlesse courses, do't? Al. Amongst our selues.
Faulcons that tyrannize o're weaker fowle,
Hold peace with their owne feathers. Ha. But when they counter
Vpon one quarrey, breake that league as wee do.
Al. At least restore thirteen pound in gold I lent you.
Ron. 'Twas lent in an ill Second, worser Third,
And luckelesse Fourth: 'tis lost, *Albumazar*.
Fvr. *Saturne* was in Ascension. *Mercury*
Was then Combust when you deliuered it.
'Twill neuer be restor'd. Ron. *Hali*, *Abenezra*,
Hiarcha, *Brachman*, *Budda Babylonicus*,
And all the *Chaldes* and the *Cabalists*,
Affirme that sad Aspect threat's losse of debts.
Har. Frame by your *Azimut* and *Almicantarat*,
An engine like a Mace, whose qualitie
Of strange retractiue vertue may recall

Desperate debts, and with that vndoe Sergeants.
ALB. Was euer man thus baited by's owne whelps?
Giue mee a slender portion for a stock
To beginne Trade againe. RON. 'Tis an ill course
And full of feares. This treasure hath inrich't vs,
And giuen vs meanes to purchase, and liue quiet
Of th'fruite of dangers past. When I vs'd robbing,
All blocks before me look't like Constables,
And posts appear'd in shape of Gallowses.
Therefore good Tutor take your pupils counsell:
'Tis better beg then steale: Liue in poore clothes,
Then hang in Sattin. AL. Villaines, I'le be reueng'd,
And reueale all the businesse to a Iustice.
RON. Do, if thou long'st to see thy owne Anatomie.
AL. This treachery perswade's mee to turne honest.
FVR. Search your Natiuitie: see if the Fortunates
And Luminaries bee in a good Aspect.
And thank vs for thy life. Had wee done well,
We had cut thy throat e're this. AL. *Albumazar*,
Trust not these Rogues; hence and reuenge.
RON. Fellowes away, here's company. Let's hence. *Exeunt.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. 2.

CRICCA. PANDOLFO.

CR. NOw *Cricca*, mask thy countenance in ioy,
Speak welcome language of good newes, and moue
Thy Maister, whose desires are credulous,
To beleeue what thou giu'st him. If thy designe
Land at the Hauen 'tis bound for; then *Lelio*,
Eugenio, and their Mistresses, are oblig'd
By oath, t'assure a state of forty pounds
Vpon thee for thy life. PAN. I long to know
How my good Farmer speeds; how *Trincalo*
Hath bene receiu'd by *Lelio*. CR. Where shall I find him?
What wee most seeke, still flies vs; what's auoided,
Followes, or meetes vs full. I am emboss't

With

With trotting all the streetes to finde *Pandolfo*,
And blesse him with good newes. PAN. This haste of *Cricca*
Abodes some good; doubtlesse my *Trincalo*
Receiued for *Antonio*, hath giuen me *Flauia*.
Cricca? CRI. Neither in *Pauls*, at home, nor in th'Exchange?
Nor where he vses to converse? hee's lost:
And must be cried. PAN. Turne hither, *Cricca*: *Cricca*,
See'st me not? CRI. Sir, the newes, and haste to tell it,
Had almost blinded me. 'Tis so fortunate,
I dare not powre it all at once vpon you,
Least you should faint and swound away with ioy.
Your transform'd *Trincalo*- PAN. What newes of him?
CR. Entred as owner in *Antonio's* house-
PAN. On. CR. Is acknowledg'd by his daughter *Flauia*,
And *Lelio*, for their father. PAN. Quickly good *Cricca*!
CR. And hath sent me in haste to bid you- PAN. What?
CR. Come with your sonne *Eugenio*- PAN. And then?
CR. That he may be a witnesse of your marriage.
But sir, I see no signes of so large gladnesse
As I expected, and this newes deseru'd.
PAN. 'Tis here, 'tis here, within. All outward symtomes
And characters of ioy, are poore expressions
Of my great inward happinesse: my heart's full,
And cannot vent the passions. Run *Cricca*, run,
Run, as thou lou'st me, call *Eugenio*,
And worke him to my purpose, thou canst do it.
Haste, call him instantly. CR. I flye sir.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 3.

PANDOLFO.

HOw shall I recompence this Astrologer?
This great *Albumazar*? through whose learned hands,
Fortune hath powr'd th'effect of my best wishes,
And crown'd my hopes. Giue him this chaine? alas!

'Tis a poore thankes, short by a thousand linkes
Of his large merit. No, he must liue with me,
And my sweet *Flauia*, at his ease and pleasure,
Wanting for nothing. And this very night
I'le get a boy, and he erect a figure
To calculate his fortunes. So there's *Trincalo*
Antoniated, or *Antonio Intrinculate*.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 4.

ANTONIO. PANDOLFO. LELIO. EVGENIO.

AN. SIgnior *Pandolfo!* welcome. LE. Your seruant sir.
PAN. Well met *Antonio*, my praiers and wishes
Haue waited on you euer. AN. Thanke, deerest friend.
To speake my dangers past, were to discourse
Of dead men at a feast. Such sad relations
Become not marriages. Sir, I am here
Return'd to doe you seruice: where's your sonne?
PAN. Hee'l wait vpon you presently. Ey, Signior *Antonio!*
Happily welcome. AN. Thankes *Eugenio*.
How thinke you gentlemen? were it amisse
To call downe *Flauia* and *Isabella*,
That what we do, may with a full consent
Be entertain'd by all? PAN. 'Tis well remembred.
Eugenio, call your sister. AN. *Lelio*, call my daughter.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 5.

PANDOLFO. ANTONIO.

PA. WIsely consider'd *Trincalo*: 'tis a faire prologue
To th'*Comœdy* ensuing. Now I confesse
Albumazar had equall power to change,
And mend thy vnderstanding with thy body.
Let me embrace and hugge thee for this seruice.
'Tis a braue on-set; ah my sweet *Trincalo!*

ANT

ANT. How like you the beginning? PAN. 'Tis o'th further side
All expectation. ANT. Was't not right and spoken
Like old *Antonio*? PAN. 'Tis most admirable:
Wer't he himselfe that spake, he could not better't.
And for thy sake, I wish *Antonio's* shape
May ever be thy house, and's wit thy Inne-mate.
But wheres my plate, and cloath of siluer? ANT. Safe.
PA. They come: keep state, keep state, or al's discouer'd.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 6.

ANTO. PANDOLFO. LEL. FLA. SVLP.

ANT. *Eugenio, Flauia, Lelio,* and *Sulpitia,*
Marriages once confirm'd, and consummate,
Admit of no repentance. Therefore 'tis fitting
All parties with full freedome speake their pleasure,
Before it be too late. PAN. Good excellent!
ANT. Speake boldly therefore: do you willingly
Giue full authoritie, that what I decree
Touching these busineses, you'l all performe?
EVG. I rest at your disposall: what you determine,
With my best power I ratifie, and *Sulpitia,*
I dare be bold to promise, sayes no lesse.
SVL. What e're my father, brother, and your selfe
Shall thinke conuenient, pleaseth me. LEL. In this,
As in all other seruice, I submit my selfe
To your commands; and so, I hope, my sister.
FLA. With all obedience: sir dispose of me
As of a child, that iudgeth nothing good
But what you shall approue. ANT. And you *Pandolfo*?
PAN. I most of all. And, for I know the mindes
Of youth are apt to promise, and as prone
To repent after; 'tis my advice they sweare
T'obserue, without exception, your decree.
FLA. Content. SVL. Content. PAN. By all the powers that heare
Oathes, and raine vengeance vpon broken faith,

I promise to confirme and ratifie
Your sentence. L. E. Sir, I sweare no lesse. Ev. Nor I.
Fla. The selfe-same oath binds me. Svl. And me the same.
Pan. Now deare *Antonio*, all our expectation
Hangs at your mouth: None of vs can appeale
From you to higher Courts. An. First for preparatiue,
Or slight *Preludium* to the greater matches;
I must intreate you that my *Armellina*
Be match't with *Trincalo*. Two hundred crownes
I giue her for her portion. Pan. Tis done. Some reliques
Of his old Clownery, and dregges o'th Countrey,
Dwell in him still: how carefull he prouides
For himselfe first! Content. And more, I grant him
A lease of twenty pounds a yeare. An. I thanke you.
Gentlemen, since I feele my selfe much broken
With age, and my late miseries, and too cold
To entertaine new heate; I freely yeeld
Sulpitia, whom I lou'd, to my sonne *Lelio*.
Pan. How cunningly the Farmer hath prouided
T'obserue the semblance of *Antonio's* person,
And keepe himselfe still free for *Armellina*!
An. Signior *Pandolfo*, y'are wise, and vnderstand
How ill hot appetites of vnbridled youth
Become gray haires. How graue and honourable
Wer't for your age to be inamored
With the faire shape of vertue, and the glory
Of your fore-fathers! Then would you blush, to thinke
How by this dotage, and vnequall loue,
You staine their honour, and your owne. Awake,
Banish those wild affections; and by my example
Turne t'your reposed selfe. Pan. To what purpose, pray yo
Serues this long proæme on to th'sentence. An. Sir,
Conformitie of yeares, likenesse of manners,
Are *Gordian* knots that bind vp matrimony.
Now betwixt seuenty Winters, and sixteene,
There's no proportion, nor least hope of loue.
Fye, that a gentleman of your discretion,

Crown'd

Cro wn'd with ſuch reputation in your youth,
Should in your Weſterne dayes, looſe th'good opinion
Of all your friends; and run to th'open danger
Of cloſing the weake remnant of your dayes
With diſcontentment vnrecouerable.
PAN. Wrack me no more: pray you let's heare the ſentence.
Note how the Aſſe would fright me, and indeere
His ſeruice; intimating, that his power
May ouer-throw my hopes. Proceed to th'ſentence.
AN. The ſe things conſider'd, I beſtow my daughter
Vpon your ſonne *Eugenio*; whoſe conſtant loue
With his ſo modeſt carriage, hath deſeru'd her.
And, that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with *Patience*. PAN. Trecherous villaine!
Accurſed *Trincalo*! Ile--- But this no place,
Hee's too well back't. But ſhortly when the date
Of his *Antonioſtip's* expir'd, revenge
Shall ſweeten this diſgrace. AN. Signior *Pandolfo*,
When you recouer your ſelfe, loſt deſperately
In diſproportion'd dotage, then you'l thanke me
For this great fauour: be not obſtinate:
Diſquiet not your ſelfe. PAN. I thanke you ſir.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 7.

PANDOLFO.

AND that you freeze not for a bed-fellow,
I marry you with *Patience*. Traiterous villaine!
Is't not enough to wrong me, and betray me,
But 't muſt be done with ſcoffes? accurſed *Trincalo*!
And me moſt miſerable! that when I thought
T'embrace yong *Flauia*, ſee her before my face
Beſtow'd vpon my ſonne! my ſonne my rivall!
This is *Eugenio's* plot, and his friend *Lelio's*;
Who, with my ſeruant *Cricca*, haue conſpir'd,
And ſuborn'd *Trincalo* to betray his maſter.

Why doe I rage 'gainſt any but my ſelfe,
That haue committed ſuch a ſerious buſineſſe
To th'hands of a baſe clowne, and ignorant?
I ſee mine error, but no meanes to helpe it.
Onely the ſweetneſſe of reuenge is left me,
Which I muſt execute: th'houres of's gentry
Are now cleane ſpent. I'le home, and there attend him.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 8.

TRINCALO *drunke, but ſomething recouered.*

WElcome old truſty *Trincalo*, good Farmer welcome! giue me thy hand, wee muſt not part hereafter. Fye, what a trouble 'tis to be out of a mans ſelfe! If gentlemen haue no pleaſure but what I felt to day; a teame of horſes ſhall not dragge me out of my profeſſion. There's nothing amongſt them but borrowing, compounding for halfe their debts, and haue their purſe cut for the reſt, coſned by whores, frighted with husbands, waſh't in wet hogges-heads, cheated of their clothes, and falling in cellars for concluſion.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 9.

PANDOLFO *at the window.* TRINCALO.

PAN. OPretious peece of villany! are you vnchang'd?
How confident the rogue dares walke the ſtreetes!
TRIN. And then ſuch quarrelling: neuer a ſute I wore to day, but hath been ſoundly baſted. Onely this faithfull Countrey caſe ſcap't fiſt-free; and bee it ſpoken in a good houre, was neuer beaten yet ſince it came from fulling!
PAN. Tiff. toff. Baſe treacherous villaine! toff. toff. toff.
TRI. Is this the recompence of my dayes worke?
PAN. You marry me to patience? there's patience.
And that you freeze not, there's warme patience,
Shee's a good bed-fellow; haue patience.
TR. You'l beat me out on't ſir: how haue I wrong'd you?
PAN. So, as deſerues th'expreſſion of my fury

With th'cruelſt tortures I can execute.
TRI. You kill me ſir. PAN. Haue patience. TRI. Pray you ſtil
PAN. Seeke not by humble penitence t'appeaſe me.
Nothing can ſatisfie. TR. Fare-well humilitie.
Now am I beaten ſober. (*takes away Pandolfo's ſtaffe*)
Shall age and weakneſſe maſter my youth and ſtrength?
Now ſpeake your pleaſure: what's my fault? PAN. Dar'ſt deny
Thy owne act done before ſo many witneſſes?
Suborn'd by others, and betray my confidence
With ſuch a ſtony impudence? TR. I haue bin faithfull
In all you truſted me. PAN. To them; not me.
O what a Proæme ſtuft with graue advice,
And learned counſaile, you could ſhowre vpon me
Before the thunder of your deadly ſentence!
And giue away my Miſtreſſe with a ſcoffe!
TR. I giue your Miſtreſſe? PA. Did'ſt not thou decree
Contrary t'our compact, againſt my marriage?
TR. Why when was I your iudge? PA. Iuſt now, here. TR. See your (error!
Then was I faſt lock't in *Antonio's* Cellar:
Where making vertue of neceſſitie,
I drunke ſtarke drunke; and waking, found my ſelfe
Cloth'd in this Farmers ſute, as in the morning.
PAN. Did'ſt not thou ſweare t'enter *Antonio's* houſe,
And giue me *Flauia* for my wife? and after,
Before my owne face, gau'ſt her to my ſonne?
TR. Ha, ha, ha! PA. Canſt thou deny't? TR. Ha, ha, ha! *Whilſt Trincalo laughes, and fals the ſtaffe, Pandolfo recouers it, and beates him.*
Haue you got miſtreſſe *Patience*? ha, ha, ha!
PAN. Is not this true? TR. Ha, ha! PA. Anſwere me.
TRI. Ha, ha, ha wan! PAN. Was't not thus?
TRI. I anſwere. Firſt, I neuer was transform'd,
But gul'd, as you were, by th'Aſtrologer
And thoſe that cal'd m' *Antonio*. To proue this true,
The gentleman you ſpoke with, was *Antonio*,
The right *Antonio*, ſafely return'd from *Barbarie*.
PA. Oi me! what's this? TR. Truth it ſelfe. PA. Was't not thou
That gau'ſt the ſentence? TR. Beleeue me no ſuch matter:
I nere was gentleman, nor otherwiſe

Then what I am, vnleſſe 'twere when I was drunke.
PAN. How haue I beene deceiu'd! good *Trincalo*
Pardon mee. I haue wrong'd thee. TR. Pardon you?
When you haue beaten mee to paſte, good *Trincalo*
Pardon mee? PAN. I am ſorry for't; excuſe mee.
TRI. I am ſory I muſt excuſe you. But I pardon you.
PAN. Now tell mee where's the plate and cloath of ſiluer,
The gold and iewels that th' Aſtrologer
Committed to thy keeping? TRI. What Plate, what iewels?
Hee gaue mee none. But when he went to change mee,
After a thouſand circles and ceremonies,
Hee bindes mee faſt vpon a forme, and blindes mee
With a thick Table-napkin. Not long after
Vnbinds my head and feete, and giues mee light:
And then I plainely ſaw, that I ſaw nothing;
The Parler was cleane ſwept of all was in't.
PAN. Ojh me? ojh me! TR. What ailes you? Sir, what ailes you?
PAN. I am vndone, I haue loſt my Loue, my plate,
My whole eſtate, and with the reſt my ſelfe.
TR. Looſe not your patience too. Leaue this lamenting,
And lay the Towne, you may recouer it.
PAN. 'Tis to ſmall purpoſe. In, and hold thy peace.

ACT. 5. SCEN. 10.

CRICCA. PANDOLFO.

CRI. WHere ſhall I find my Maiſter to content him
With welcome newes? Hee's here; newes! newes!
Newes of good fortune, ioy and happineſſe!
PAN. *Cricca*, my ſadneſſe is incapable
Of better tidings. I am vndone moſt miſerable.
CR. Offend not your good luck, y'are now more fortunate
Then when you roſe this morning. Bee merry, ſir,
Cheare vp your ſelfe, y'haue what you wiſht, feare nothing.
PAN. May bee *Antonio* newly repents himſelfe,
With purpoſe to reſtore my *Flauia*.

Cricca, what is't? where's all this happineſſe?
CR. Lock't in *Antonio's* Cloſet. PAN. All alone?
Sure that's my *Flauia*. Is not *Eugenio*
Suffred to enter? CR. *Antonio* keepes the key:
No creature enter's but himſelfe. Al's ſafe
And ſhall be ſo reſtor'd. PAN. O my ſweet *Cricca*!
CR. And they that wrong'd you, moſt extremely ſory,
Ready to yeeld you any ſatisfaction.
PAN. Is't poſſible they ſhould ſo ſoone repent them?
That inur'd mee ſo lately? tell mee the manner
That caus'd them ſee their errour. CR. I'le tell you, ſir.
Being iuſt now at old *Antonio's* houſe,
One thunder's at th'back dore, enters, and preſſes
To ſpeake in priuate with yong *Lelio*,
Was inſtantly admitted: And thinke you who?
Twas your Aſtrologer *Albumazar*.
When hee had ſpoke a while, *Lelio* and *Antonio*
In haſt command' mee fetch a Conſtable.
PAN. How can this Story touch my happineſſe?
CR. I vp and downe throw ſinnie Ale-houſes,
Clowdie Tobacco-ſhops, and vapouring Tauernes:
My mouth full of enquiry: At laſt found one,
PAN. What of all this? is't poſſible a Conſtable
Concernes my good? CR. And following my directions,
Went to a Tippling-houſe, where wee tooke drinking
Three handſome fellowes with a great Cheſt: Arreſt them,
And brought all to *Antonio*. PAN. Well, what then?
CRI. Theſe were th'Aſtrologers intelligences,
That rob'd you through th'Couch window. PAN. I thought th'had
Of *Flauia's* reſtoring. CRI. I meane your plate
And treaſure; pray you, ſir, is't not great happineſſe
To re-obtaine three thouſand pounds in value
Deſperately loſt? and you ſtill dote and dreame
Of *Flauia*, who by your owne conſent
And oath is promis'd to your ſonne *Eugenio*?
PAN. Forward. CR. Within this Cheſt *Antonio* found your Plate,
Gold, Iewels, cloath of ſiluer, nothing periſh't,

But all safe lock't till you acknowledge it.
And since *Albumazar* of his owne accord
Freely confest, and safe restor'd your treasure:
Since 'tis a day of Iubile and marriage;
Antonio would entreate you to release
And pardon the Astrologer: Thanking your fortune
That hath restor'd you to your wealth, and selfe.
Both which were lost i'th' foolish loue of *Flauia.*
PA. Reason hath clear'd my sight, and drawne the vaile
Of dotage that so dark't my vnderstanding.
I clearely see the slau'ry of affections;
And how vnsutable my declining yeares
Are for the dawning youth of *Flauia.*
Let the best ioies of *Hymen* compasse her,
And her yong husband, my *Eugenio,*
With full content. And since *Albumazar*
By accident, caus't all this happinesse;
I freely pardon him, and his companions:
And hast t'assist the marriages and feasts.
CRI. Why now you shew your selfe a worthy Gentleman.

ACT. 5. SCEN. vlt.

TRINCALO. CRICCA.

TRIN. Ricca I ouer-heard your newes: all parts are pleas'd,
Except my selfe. Is there no newes for *Trincalo?*
CRI. Know'st it not? In, and see: *Antonio*
Hath giu'n thee *Artemisia* with a portion,
Two hundreth Crownes; and old *Pandolfo* bound
By oath t'assure thee twenty pounds a yeare,
For three liues. TR. Hasl. CRI. Come in. TR. Ile follow.

Epilogue.

ALBVMAZAR.

Epilogue.

Two hundred Crownes? and twentie pound a yeare
For three good liues? Cargo! *Hai* Trincalo!
My wife's extreamely busie, dressing the supper
For these great marriages; and I not idle,
So that I cannot entertaine you here
As I would else-where. But if you come to Tornam
Some foure dayes hence, and aske for Trincalo
At th'signe o'th Hogshead; I'le morgage all my liues
To bid you welcome. You that loue Trincalo,
And meane to meete, clappe hands and mak't a bargaine.

FINIS.